Vol. CXXVII. No. 1646.

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[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 3, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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WIMBLEDON—Comments and Pictures

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own bus to golf and sea.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

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GERMANY.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden. — **Hotel Frankfurter Hof.** Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M. 9 up.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11 up. Personal man., H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Nr. Ther. bths. Ev'ry com. Full pen. fr. RM.7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel"; f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bühlerhohe Blk. Forest.—800 mt. (2600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.—Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. com. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim. — **Hotel Bristol.** — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds. fr. Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First-class in every way. Facing Baths and Kur-park. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — **Park Hotel.** — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b.fr.RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Lead. htl, r. fr. RM.5. r., w. bath fr. RM.9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg. — **Hotel Zähringer Hof.** — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.** — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man.by M. Hartung, Coun.of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich. — **Hotel Grunewald.** — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Viktoria.** — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.—300 beds. First class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Baveno—(Lago Maggiore)—Hotel Bellevue.—The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. Terms.

Colle Isarco (3281 ft.).—**Dolomites.**—**Hotel Gudrun.**—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).—On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Res. All comf. Spl. Roof gdn. Ten. Open-air Rest'nt. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva. — **Hotel Richemond.** — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Fr. 13, upwards.

Lausanne. — **Belvedere Hotel.** — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne - Palace - Beau - Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from 6 Frs. 1st class. Pension from 14.50 Frs. Always open.

Lucerne. — **The National.** — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne. — **Hotel Schweizerhof.** — Every Comfort. Personal Attention. Golf, 18 holes. O. Hauser, Proprietor.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. An Ideal Home in a charm. pos. Park. Gar. New rates. (Prop., W. Deig).

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—The best of the best. Tennis, Bathing, Mountaineering. Dancing. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz. Borter, Prop.

Zermatt (5315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**—1000 beds. Full pension rate from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder. — **Dolder Grand Hotel.** — 1900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

The Bystander, July 3, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1646. Vol. CXXVII.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY—PRESENTED BY NOEL COWARD

Robert Montgomery's fans—such a lot he has—had their great chance to see their hero in the flesh at the Theatrical Garden Party last week. And took it. He was "presented" by Noel Coward in the "At Home" which was the latter's contribution to the stage's great yearly gala in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. Noel Coward is now, in succession to Sir Gerald du Maurier, the president of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Robert Montgomery arrived two weeks ago on his holiday-making trip to London; besides being the screen's favourite philanderer (and six feet tall at that), he is not a bad short-story writer in his spare moments

It Was

The Old Wes in Aid of th Hospital R

Left: Lady Stanley is talking to Lady Jersey, who, besides smoking an anachronistic cigarette, was a vice-chairman of the Market Committee

Lady Jane FitzRoy

Made a very charming milkmaid, though a less buxom one than one imagines was the fashion when milkmaids wore these clothes

Above: Lady Crewe, the chairman, and little Joan Paine, the youngest patient at the Westminster Hospital, who opened the Market

Left: Lady Katherine Howard had a nice basket of vegetables to sell. She was one of the "Cries of London" girls, who gave a parade of their own during the afternoon

Right: Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, who is engaged to the Duke of Roxburghe, was chairman of the Girls' Committee, and appeared as the Cherry Girl in the Wheatley "Cries of London" series

Above: some of the people who helped with the Market waiting for the opening. Every one of them was in costume. The Market was held in Dean's Yard, Westminster, and was most attractively arranged

Right: Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, a vice-chairman, and Lady Edward Hay, a member of the Committee. The Market was in aid of the Rebuilding Fund of the Westminster Hospital

ll Very "Olde Worlde"

nster Market
estminster
ilding Fund

Right: a slightly unorthodox moment on the opening day—Charlie's Aunt being shooed around by some of the eighteenth-century lovelies

Above: Lady Mansfield was another member of the Committee who spent a hard-working afternoon, in spite of her indolent-looking parasol

Left: Princess Katherine of Russia helped with the popular sweet-shop

Below: Miss Pamela Kingsmill, who was one of Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes' Committee, took a rod and line and may or may not have taken a bottle of champagne

Page Greaves

Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., drank the appropriate glass of beer for a Viennese evening; Lady Mary Dunn's big white collar was amusing

The lovely Marchesa Marconi went to the ball with her husband, whose orders make a fine, glittering show

"Night in Vienna"

A Good Charity Party

Left: Mr. Henry Marsh and Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner doing a bit of charitable business: did he buy the cigar or did she sell the programme?

Page Greaves

Above is Mrs. John Taylor, who was in costume and sold funny hats, one of which Mr. "Chips" Channon was inveigled into buying—for charity sake, if not to wear

Left: two of the Viennese lovelies in really attractive Austrian dresses were Lady Caroline and Lady Elizabeth Paget. The "Night in Vienna" Ball, which was at Grosvenor House, was in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 109 The Aga Khan

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

IT was once stated officially, as a matter of etiquette and procedure, by a secretary at the American Embassy in Paris that "the Aga Khan is God on Earth to millions of Moslems, but an English Duke takes precedence." And it is true that the Aga does not take his title territorially, as do the Ruling Princes of India. At the same time, his followers come from all over the world, including Africa and Zanzibar, and he was of immense help to the Empire when the war broke out—an occasion made further remarkable by the fact that his mother, then a woman of ninety, rode from Baghdad to India as soon as she heard the news.

As a boy, the owner of Bahram was brought up with Edward Esmond, his life-long friend, and made his fortune out of real estate deals round Bombay. The other day, so rich is he, came the admission that he had sunk three-quarters of a million in English bloodstock. It is a fact that he knows more about horse-breeding than almost anyone alive. He has made it his especial study.

But then he is an extremely erudite man, a great listener, and always asking questions. His French is as perfect as his English, and on one notable occasion he discussed American securities in such detail with Clarence Dillon that this eminent financial genius almost gasped for air.

IN India, where he has a house near Bombay, he is one of the most dominant figures alive, largely because of his intellectual powers. True, he believes that white trousers are *per se* healthy to wear, but then every great man must be allowed at least one eccentricity.

Wherever he is, in the South of France, Deauville (where he has a villa), Paris (where he has a flat and prefers bourgeois society to that of the aristocrats), London (where he stays at the Ritz), he is most energetic. He will regularly go out to play golf at seven a.m. Not so long ago he had a boxing instructor, and he is not bad at lawn tennis, either.

On the only occasion he asked me to play golf, I declined, thinking that it would be for the kind of stakes I had seen in front of him at the Casino. I need not have been alarmed. He never plays for more than half a crown—and never gives a putt.

Though the Aga loves the good things of life—he is a great gourmet and has his own cook—there is a very considerable spiritual side to his life. It is hard to pin him down exactly on this point. But he will admit to a strong feeling of the battle between good and evil. At any rate, he is a wonderfully good sportsman, and when Jack Joel offered him a blank cheque the other day for Bahram, he refused, because, he said, he wanted to be able in his ultimately decrepit old age to be wheeled alongside his Derby winner and say, "Well, that was a jolly day."

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Experience—

Sybil Thorndike as Blanche Oldham

An Unlucky Family

"Grief Goes Over" (Globe Theatre)

Four months later, Mrs. Oldham has recovered from the shock, and her youngest boy, Kim, only lately home from school, is attracted by a modern and rather pleasant girl. Why the author made this youth so young I cannot imagine, for it leaves rather an unpleasant taste in the mouth when we learn that the pair have anticipated a marriage ceremony, and that a baby is on the way. Shock No. 2 for Mamma.

Obstetrical talk, which has already occupied much time, is continued when the confinement is taking place seven months later; talk which creates girlish giggles in the audience what time the young husband displays amazing ignorance concerning interesting events.

The young mother dies in giving birth to a daughter, and husband and mother-in-law are both prostrate with grief, from which, a year later, we see they have recovered. And that is that.

—Youth—

Mary Jones as Mary Lou; Geoffrey Nares as Kim Oldham

BUT though I regard this theme as dramatically a dud, yet there is much to admire in the author's drawing of character. Mrs. Oldham is a real, live woman, and she is beautifully played by Sybil Thorndike, who has entirely lost some early mannerisms, and can now make comedy as attractive as she can make tragedy telling. Another even more real character is Lady Maddox, Mrs. Oldham's sister, a part in which Winifred Oughton revels. Yet another clever performance is that of Clive Morton, as the eldest son, in his picture of the pomposity of the commonplace, while Mary Jones makes an appealing modern Miss who marries Kim. As for Kim himself, this is a part that a most experienced actor would find difficult, and it was trying Geoffrey Nares very highly for him to make a West End début in it. I think that Auriol Lee, who produced, should have stressed the fact that a boy of eighteen grows up quickly and that there should have been a leaning towards manliness in such a character after over two years have elapsed. As played at present, the youth does not develop in the slightest.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

—Both

Left: Helen Vayne as Joan Trevor, a girl who knows what to do

Sketches by Rouson

"Grief Goes Over" (Globe)

DR. MERTON HODGE'S new play, *Grief Goes Over*, is hampered by its theme, which is that no matter what blows Fate may deliver, yet such is the resiliency of human nature that as time passes the edge of grief will be blunted.

Now this theme, apart from the fact that it is enunciating the obvious, is difficult to make dramatic. Indeed, I think that more of a play could be made out of a woman who revels in her grief rather than, as here, allowing the action to centre round Blanche Oldham, a widow, who recovers, as a rational human being does, after suffering from even an "accumulation of staggerers."

The author, however, has found it difficult to link up these blows. For instance, to start with, Mrs. Oldham's son, Tony, is the central figure, but he dies at about 9.15 p.m. (theatre-time), when we had only been introduced to him at 8.30. So that part of the play comes to a full stop.

Walter Bird

THE COUNTESS POULETT

A portrait of "Debrett's" latest acquisition from the stage—lovely Oriel Ross of the red-gold hair, who married Lord Poulett so suddenly and so secretly ten days ago. Their wedding was at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, their reception a small lunch-party at the Embassy, and for their honeymoon they have gone to Spain. Oriel Ross, who does film as well as stage work and means to go on with her career, made her last appearance in "The Mask of Virtue," when she took Jeanne de Casalis's part at two hours' notice. She is two years older than her husband, whose twenty-sixth birthday was two days after his wedding day. He succeeded to the title when he was nine, when his father died on active service

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 6. The I. C.

By Charles Graves

Sir Samuel Hoare

An associate member of the I. C. Club, and President of the Lawn Tennis Association

THOUGH the International Lawn Tennis Club is only eleven years old, it has already made its mark. Founded in 1924 by A. Wallis Myers, its object is really to inculcate sportsmanship on the lawn tennis courts—and not a bad idea, either. Officially, the objects are to promote good fellowship among players who, as members of the touring lawn tennis teams, have played overseas; to welcome teams from abroad; and to provide members with information of clubs and lawn tennis facilities overseas.

THERE are a hundred and twenty ordinary members, and seventy-three honorary members. Dinners at the R.A.C., and tournaments in the spring and autumn at Woodcote Park are the chief home events of the Club; though the I. C., as it calls itself, plays annual matches with Queen's, Paris, the Netherlands, and the Red-White Club in Berlin, as well as conducting tours in India, South Africa, America, and elsewhere. The colours of the Club are steel-grey and pink, and the Captain this year is "Bunny" Austin.

"Bunny" is a misunderstood young man, they tell me. He has had to fight against certain physical disabilities, as well as his opponents, on the court, and has conquered. Whereas he could not be sure of lasting out a five-set match three or four years ago, he has proved this year that he could by playing Menzel and Von Kramm on successive days recently.

A former Captain of the Club is Colonel A. R. F. Kingscote, the old Davis Cup captain, who learnt his tennis in Switzerland and is the only Englishman who has played a five-set match with Tilden in England. That was in the 1920 finals. He is now forty-six, and still plays for the veterans and against the ex-champions.

WHICH reminds one that one of the objects of the Club is to link up the various decades of lawn tennis players so that young players coming to the top can be sure of a certain camaraderie. It is a fact that the I. C. tie is a passport on all the lawn tennis courts of the world, whether it is Melbourne, Cape Town, Shanghai, or anywhere else. The wearer of one will always be brought drinks and offered matches and hospitality.

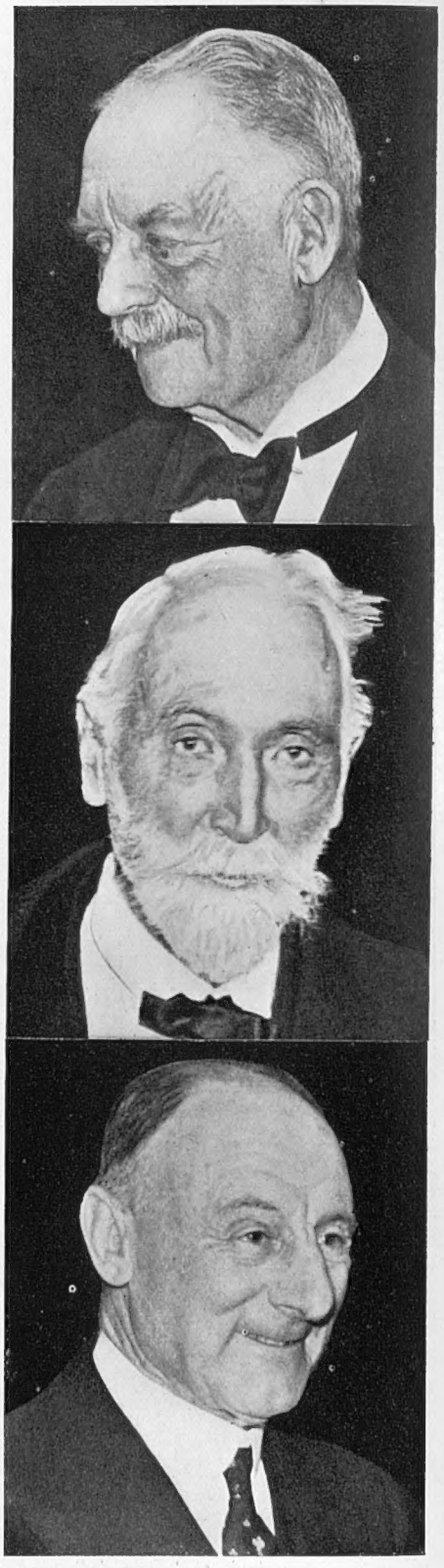
BOROTRA, who founded the French I. C., built up his own business of motor accessories while becoming a champion, although this had nothing to do with his lawn tennis. He always sees to it that the magnetism of the crowd is with him, and uses it to win. He is a great psychological tactician. Moreover, if he has to jump over the barrier at the back of the court, you may be sure that he will select the lap of the prettiest girl on which to land, thus making himself a warm favourite with her and the other pretty girls hopeful of a similar adventure.

A former captain is I. G. Collins, the Oxford golf Blue. When he broke his ankle out riding, he carried on his business as a publisher (he is a nephew of Sir Godfrey Collins, the Secretary of State for Scotland) in the local station hotel, and then came back from this "mere accident" to resume his place in the Davis Cup team. His play is scrambling, rather like that of a "Rugger" forward in the loose, but though he ignores style, he makes sure he will hit the ball.

LORD JELLICOE is President of the Club. He still uses the racket given to him by Norman Brookes in New Zealand, after playing Tilden in 1920. Sir Leonard Lyle (Chairman of Tate and Lyle) was the first Chairman, and is now one of the three Vice-Presidents. The Vice-Chairman is Mr. G. A. Caradia, one of the most respected men in the tennis world. He used to be the prince of half-volleyers in the Doherty era. To-day he is, so to speak, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Wimbledon, being in charge of the gate receipts and funds. He is a stockbroker.

Another member of the committee is Ted Avory, a great-nephew of the great late Judge. He looks something like him, but is nevertheless very cheerful. He is very popular, and ranks about number five among our English players. Another Ted is Ted Buzzard, son of the royal doctor. He is quite young, and an Oxford Blue. By the way, the I. C. is very keen on getting the young entry from Oxford and Cambridge.

Sidney Hepburn, the ex-Chairman of the Corinthians, is one of the many all-rounders belonging to the Club, having



I. C. Associate Members

Top: Lord Desborough, Hon. Vice-President L.T.A. Middle: Lord D'Abernon, also Hon. V.-P., L.T.A.; and Bottom: Lord Jellicoe, President, I. C. Club

Below: Dr. Colin Gregory, a member of the committee of the I.C. Club, and E. R. Avory, a great-nephew of the late Judge, another committee-man

been a football Blue, as well as a lawn tennis Blue. He is in the printing business of his father, the late Sir Harry Hepburn. Tim Horn is a former Cambridge captain. He also captained the Wightman Cup team. He lives at Eastbourne, but went to India with the I. C. touring team. In private life he is an auctioneer and estate agent.

I DO not know much about E. T. Lamb, except that he works very hard in the City and is a good doubles player. Arthur Lowe is, of course, one of the two brothers who were in the doubles final years ago. He represented England in the Davis Cup team in the United States in 1914, and in October of that year received a commission, obtaining his majority in 1916. He is now with Moss Empires. Montie Temple is the legal adviser of the Anglo-American Oil Company, and a keen player. He is a member of the committee of Queen's, and will always give sound advice on knotty points.

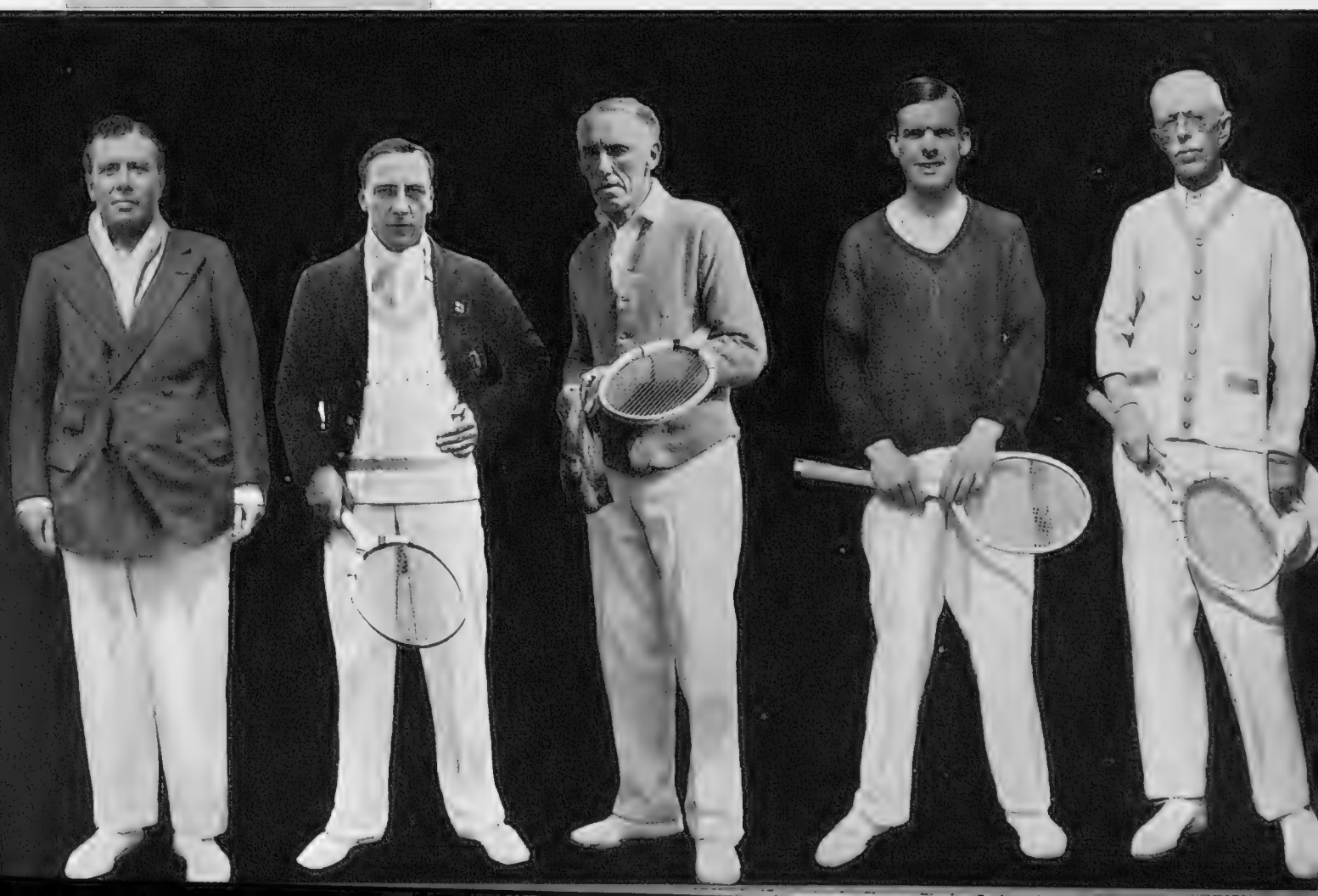
COLIN GREGORY reached the final of the doubles at Wimbledon with Collins. He is now a progressive young doctor at Hemel Hempstead. K. C. Gandar-Dower is a man of many Blues. He was also the first person to pilot a private machine to India. Last winter he hunted for the spotted lion in Kenya,

Below, l. to r.: Sir Leonard Lyle, ex-Chairman and Councillor, L.T.A.; K. C. Gandar-Dower, I. C. committee-man; A. Wallis Myers, founder of the I. C.; Ian G. Collins, a former I. C. captain; and King Gustave of Sweden, an associate member

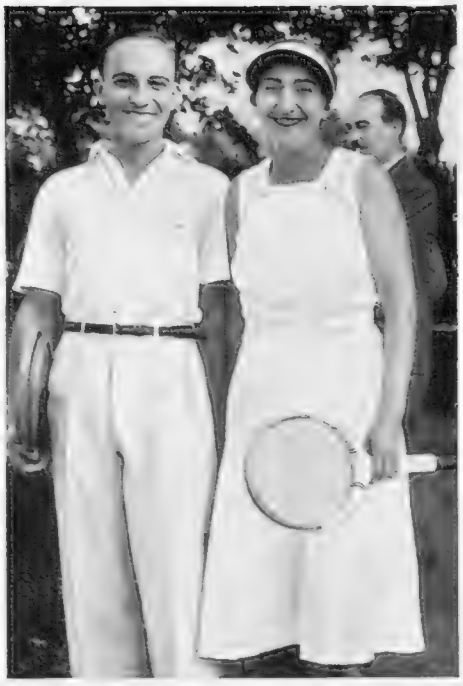
and found traces of one. Anyway, he brought a skin back, and is going out again this year to find a live one if he can. Noel Turnbull is known on the Baltic as "Tiny." He has been a first-class player; he is now a first-class golfer, or, at any rate, he played in the Amateur Championship this year.

AMONG the associate members are the King of Sweden, who was once doubles champion of his country, and the ex-King of Siam. Then there are Lord D'Abernon, one of the wisest old men I have ever met; Lord Desborough, the greatest sculler, perhaps, of all time; Sir Samuel Hoare, who has just had this promotion in the Government, but will doubtless keep up his ice skating when winter comes; J. H. Thomas (what a joy it would be to see him with a tennis racket in his hand!); and Sir Arthur Crosfield.

WE now come to Wallis Myers himself, the tall, quiet, almost mahogany-cheeked founder of the Club. To-day he is the most knowledgeable lawn tennis correspondent in this or any other country. He has travelled all over the world in order to write about lawn tennis and to play it, for he has won many tournaments in years gone by, and held, with Miss J. Trip, the Mixed Doubles Championship of the Riviera, when H. L. Doherty and Countess Schulenberg were defeated. The founder may rest satisfied that the I. C. Club, at any rate, has done much to foster—rather than embitter—cordial international relations. C. G.



Above: Mrs. Strawson, not dressed for the game, but playing at Wimbledon, and D. G. Freshwater



Above: A. Gentien, one of France's younger musketeers, and Mme. Mathieu, the French No. 1

Slecna E. Cepkova, nominated by Czechoslovakia, and C. F. Aeschliman, Swiss champion and English tournament habitué

Right: Miss Marie Scott, of New York, not a Wimbledon competitor, and Count del Bono (Italy)

Prelude to Wimbledon

Garden Party Tennis at Roehampton Before the Real Thing

Fred Perry, the 1934 Wimbledon champion, and Miss Helen Vinson, the film star who will appear with Conrad Veidt in "King of the Damned"

Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey, a looker-on, and V. Landau, who is Monaco's representative

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WE celebrated the recent centenary of William Cobbett, last of the English yeomen, in a pretty odd way—we borrowed his *Rural Rides* from somebody, and read them. And damnably good they are, too, sturdy, open-air, have-at-you stuff, banging away at things and people. You can almost hear the great, jolly voice of Cobbett himself as he bestrides his horse, swinging his oaken cudgel, and caring not a hoot for anybody.

Despite a recent elegant defence of Brighton Pavilion by Osbert Sitwell, we think Cobbett got pretty near the mark when he described the contemporary structure as a large Norfolk turnip sitting on a large square box, with four smaller turnips at each corner and a large number of bulbs scattered thickly over the rest of the surface. (But Sidney Smith put it more neatly: "One would think St. Paul's Cathedral had come to Brighton and pupped.") Cobbett detested London, "the great Wen," tax-gatherers, borough-mongers, Jews, Quakers, jobbers, the retired Anglo-Indians of Cheltenham, Pitt, Castlereagh, the *Times*, and a number of other bogies, and lustily banged them all. We could do with a bit of this healthy violence to-day, when nearly all the criticism is done by polite, timid little mousey gentlewomen in bombazine trousers, mortally afraid of saying something incorrect and offending somebody of importance. Therefore, though Socialism means nothing to us but claptrap, we were mildly refreshed by a recent Socialist report of a "splendid isolation" meeting addressed by "two of Beaverbrook's bullies." The chairman, "a wizened Punch-inello" eventually "ran off in the middle of a speech," leaving "the two nuts on the platform—and 'nuts' is used with its American significance." A little more of this vigour on the other side, and a little less of that terrible Conservative good form would do everybody good.

The Bang Girls Are Here

AN American friend of ours had never, to his despair, succeeded in seeing a game of cricket during his annual visit to London. Each time he went to Lord's the game was either postponed or abandoned, or else the tea-interval was on. This time he made another dogged attempt, got to the Oval a couple of weeks ago, and to his amazement found the place full of women. Great hefty sunburned girls in white shirts and stockings and divided skirts slammed at balls which other great hefty sunburned girls bowled at them. Other big sunburned girls ran hither and thither in the field, their features set and stern, pounding the stricken turf. In the stands were schoolgirls and other women, all whooping. Our friend was terrified and fled. He didn't know till afterwards that he had been looking at the women's "Test" team playing the Rest of England. (A Miss Pollard made 53, not out, for the Rest. Played, Sir!)

A connoisseur tells us he can distinguish at a glance between the three major types of British Amazon produced by lawn tennis, golf, and cricket respectively. Each game, he says, breeds its type, each alike sturdy, huge, and virile, but differing subtly in the expression. First-class lawn tennis, for example, produces a species of poker-face entirely sui generis. The big girls' schools are turning these types out more and more, which seems a good thing, for what is more hateful in a woman than effeminacy? In the ideal England of the future they will all be mated in due course with Old Blues, a eugenist told us this week. As he spoke of the probable result he gnawed his lip as if in sudden apprehension or dismay. We don't know why.

"Which one of you gentlemen took my cigar butt?"

Clair de Lune

VERY late the other night, returning from a coldish down-river trip in a tugboat to which we have access (and you 'd be surprised to know how expensive good tugs are. Only the rich can afford them. They cost anything up to ten thousand pounds each), we steamed past the Palace of Westminster, silent under the moon, its fretwork of fake-Gothic black against the clear night sky, and its big Dutch grandfather clock at the Whitehall end looking absurdly like one of those toy clocks we knew in our infancy which were stuffed with chocolates. We thought of all the idle bosh and clatter of the place; the mephitic marsh-gas atmosphere; the lamentable nonsense that echoes in those halls half the year round; the overweening vanity of the little strutting men who are saluted by the policemen in Palace Yard, better and stouter and more sensible men than they. By moonlight from the river the whole place looks the pretentious sham it is, and we had the queer illusion that if we leaned across and took the roof off we should find the interior full of shavings and waste-paper, old bits of string and dead mice, and the whistle-ends of burst toy balloons.

We very nearly did so, but our attention was distracted by a piece of real work; the attaching, manœuvring, and conveying of two enormous, fully-laden barges down river again by our skipper, a piece of useful man's work performed unfussily and with dexterity and speed. It was the perfect tonic antidote to the contemplation of Westminster, and we recommend it to all patriots who are apt to be depressed by that house of wind and folly.

On the House

AT a recent private view in Bloomsbury the painter gave the critics and other private-viewers champagne, thus linking the pictorial art with the dramatic; though when we were a theatre-critic we never used to partake of managerial hospitality during the intervals on principle. Thinking of what we 'd have to write in common honesty about 90 per cent. of the shows we saw would have turned the drink to arsenic in our gizzard. Not so some of the tougher and more cynical critic boys, who drew a clear line between duty and pleasure; also, they assured us, on principle.

"Let's leave my steeple out of this, Molesworth"

The only time we ever got champagne at a private view was at a sculptor's studio in Paris, where Gertrude Stein was heaped in a chair among the guests; squab, sandalled, shapeless, and, except for the glint of the eyes, expressionless, like some brooding Oriental figure of brown jade. All present drank the sculptor's champagne and instinctively turned their backs on his works, because quite frankly La Stein killed them stone dead. They were pleasing enough in their mannered way, but La Stein was Impudence Incarnate and La Bonne Blague enthroned and imperial. One must needs acknowledge the highest when one sees it.

It's Just Slackness

THEY are going to put up a £300 memorial shelter of grey Cumberland stone at Caldbeck to John Peel, hero of the song to whose strains so many purple hard-men-to-hounds and their redoubtable female adjuncts have galloped up and down so indefatigably at so many Hunt Balls. It seems a pleasant idea. We 're among those who hold firmly that when people have nothing else to do they may as well put up another memorial to some chap or other.

It was a thousand pities, we thought at the time, that the R.S.P.C.A. dropped their project, just after the Armistice, of putting up a memorial at Hyde Park Corner to the animals who fell for King and Country in the Great War. A cynical scribbler in the Press suggested that a simple, austere tomb of the Unknown Goldfish—goldfish were used in some chemical experiments—would surely meet the case. Nothing more came of it, except howls of mirth, which we regretted. We 'd like to see memorials to almost everybody, Annie Laurie and the Jubilee Juggins and Consul, the learned chimpanzee, and Little Miss Muffet and Hugh Walpole and Philo Vance and Sweet Adeline and Uncle Tom Cobley and all; everybody that anybody has ever heard of, in song or story. London is only about half-full of statues and memorials even now. Vast stretches of the Yorkshire moors, the Cumberland fells, and the Sussex downs are without any memorials at all. Posterity will think we 're a pretty dumb and idle lot. It isn't as if we lacked raw material, either. What about all those old cathedrals and things our forefathers left behind? What about those monastic ruins which are still left, even after supplying a lot of the best people with unlimited building material for nothing some 400 years ago? Get on with it, boys.

Second-Hand Fan

A REMARK of Grace Moore's to a reporter as she left London gave us agreeable occasion to meditate. The

"Tell me something about yourself"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 37.—Rafael Sabatini

THE modern school of authors loves to write
Of those whose lives are loose when they are tight,
And tell of petty loves and half-baked hates
That fill the Arties with a strange delight.

But Sabatini, scorning nitwit ways,
Ignores the petty folk of latter days,
And finds his " copy " in a former age
And day blessed by Romance's glowing rays.

The glamour of the Past he wakes anew
To tell of hate that 's black and blood that 's blue ;
Like Borgias, whose hobby was to pour
Rat poison in their best pals' Irish stew.

Each " colourful romance " of his is packed
Chockful with true, authenticated fact
That pictures in a clear and graphic style
The way our forebears used to live and act.

The Medie-evil days he paints with such
An easy charm, and has so sure a touch
That we can revel in his subjects' lives
(Although we may not want to share them much !)

Each tale of love and war, of rogues and rakes,
With all his public definitely " takes,"
And so, by delving in the Past, a far
From Saba-teeny income he now makes.

B. W.

" General, I want you to meet the author of 'War With the Lid Off' "

film star revealed that among her tributes from unknown admirers were letters from women in Welsh villages who had never seen *One Night of Love*, but had only read about it in the newspapers. This struck us as a strikingly new development in fan-psychology, and a rather engaging one. Somebody tells you a film star you 've never seen is wonderful, and you immediately write her an emotional letter of admiration and thanks. To complete the rhythm, shouldn't the star in return send the customary autographed postcard, not to the fan, but to somebody in the next county who can write and tell the fan about it ?

Talking of stars, we 've suddenly (and for no earthly reason) remembered to wonder what has become of England's late idol, the Yo-Yo Champion, a youth of tender years who, by reason of his genius, had the whole country at his feet not so long ago ? Did he choose a rich woman to marry out of 178,675 eager offers ? Did he accept a peerage ? Is he in the new Cabinet ? What has become of him ? (And, incidentally, of the game which set him among the nation's great ?)

Sackcloth Department

THIS week's apology is made by us, on behalf of the film trade, to the shade of Cardinal Richelieu, man of destiny and hero of a new Arliss film which Auntie *Times* describes as being " fantastic " and " from beginning to end one long and unconscious burlesque." Tu parles, notre tante !

There is a school of thought which holds that Richelieu deserves all he gets, since it was his support of the North German States which brought about the present parlous state of Europe. Nevertheless, he was a very great man, and there are limits ; and next time we stand before his tomb in the Sorbonne we shall explain this regrettable business fully—probably in Latin, if the Editor of the BYSTANDER will help us with our prep. Does anybody know the Latin for " boopadoop " ?

Cads' Corner

SO many tramps have been absconding from the casual wards of a Bedfordshire town since the authorities introduced shower-baths that a fence nine feet high is being built round the grounds. Auntie *Times* printed this news-item in very small type at the very bottom of a column, being very much ashamed of these tramps, who are unworthy of our island story. So are we, but we don't think a nine-foot fence is quite the most intelligent way to cope with the situation. Our way would be to institute (compulsory) cricket classes, to teach these roving bounders what a Straight Bat means. Following this we should have (compulsory) evening lectures, illustrated with educational films showing retired majors enjoying the Cold Tub. (We once heard that some of 'em from Line regiments merely splash the water about the floor to deceive the servants, but we think that 's a wicked slander, probably of Latin origin.) Having passed through this dual course the tramps would dance eagerly to the shower-baths, telling each other stories of Drake and Raleigh, Auntie *Times* could record this gratifying news in big, clear, approving type, with a lot of letters from bishops, and—what is more—you 'll be a man, my son.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Below: Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford are the stars of the new film at the Empire. Robert Montgomery, one of the screen's best fascinators, is over here just now with his wife, doing London the honour of paying it a private visit, and not, as has become the Hollywood habit, a film-making one

"No More Ladies"

"The Bride of Frankenstein"

Here is Boris Karloff, king of "monsters" and master of frightful and blood-curdling make-up, as Frankenstein's creation once more, with Elsa Lanchester as the mate that Frankenstein (Colin Clive) and Pretorius (Ernest Thesiger) create for him. The new thriller, which James Whale directed in Hollywood, started its run at the Tivoli last week

• FILMS of the DAY

Accurséd Popularity

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

NOTHING is so dangerous as success. No one is so boresome as A Success. George Arliss is a victim of these conditions. Ever since the *Disraeli* film, he has been something more than the greatest impersonator of greatness, the "first gentleman" of the screen, the actor who leaves the set at four o'clock. He has become a legend. It must be awful to be a living legend.

Arliss is, by reason of his personality, his experience as an actor, and his diction, a very important figure in the film world. But these attributes have, in some of the inferior films in which he has exploited them, become slightly boresome. One can only describe the Duke of Wellington impersonation as unfortunate. It has become a habit with the reviewers to dismiss Mr. Arliss with conventional praise which is, in its way, damning.

I have suffered from a personal ennui in regard to the pictures in which he has appeared. I went, in duty bound, to see *Cardinal Richelieu*; I have no hesitation in saying that this is one of his best parts, brilliantly played, historically and psychologically accurate. The story and the situations are enormously dependent on the dialogue of Mr. W. P. Lipscombe, who, I think, is one of the most brilliant scenarists of the day.

The dénouement, when Richelieu defies arrest by raising the Cross and invoking sanctuary, is a shocking descent from more or less sensible political intrigue to fatuous melodrama. But in the earlier sequences the interplay between the international factions, the Court intriguers, and the fatuous King Louis XIII. of France, with Cardinal Richelieu playing a lone hand—and winning—are brilliantly handled.

The cast is a little meagre, and rarely emerges personally from the over-elaborate costumes; Edward Arnold as the King suffers particularly in this respect . . . altogether too many sequins. Cæsar Romero is a handsome fool hero, and Maureen O'Sullivan quite adequate as the ingénue ward of the Cardinal, whose private history complicates the relationship of the Minister and his King. (A purely fictitious incident.) But George Arliss's Richelieu is supremely good. He has the dignity and the subtlety of the political cleric. This is a carefully studied character, as excellent as his Disraeli, and I deplore the fact that the critics are too bored by his facility to recognise this achievement. The public will do so.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is an extremely sound film actor who seems to have had in his long screen career less than his fair meed of praise. Perhaps his solidarity, which at times amounts to stolidity, accounts for this. In *Four Hours to Kill* he gives a faultless performance as a gangster, the victim of circumstances rather than inherent vice. The psychology interferes to some extent with the drama. It is difficult to place a film of this sort. It is not quite good enough for the high-brows, yet over the heads of the average gangster-film public, who want action rather than mental processes.

PERHAPS you prefer music. *Flirtation Walk* is a film in which Dick Powell is featured as a cadet at West Point, the American Sandhurst, I believe.

It is difficult to disentangle the strands of this picture. It is either militarist propaganda or it is a vehicle for a crooner, or neither, or both. It is calisthenically attractive. The drilling of cadets at West Point is rhythmically satisfying, and there seems to be some social significance in the story. Powell is the poor young man who loves the General's daughter (Ruby Keeler), and has to drill like mad and rise from the ranks in order to become eligible. Not what one would call a "strong" plot, and one has to be personally interested in the principals to care about their final harmonic union.

John Everard

"Bystander" Beauties

No. 5. Viscountess Castlereagh

Fifth in the series of "Bystander" Beauties comes Lady Castlereagh, the lovely wife of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's only son. She has all the qualifications that ideally go with her position as wife of a young M.P. who is heir to a title and large estates—great looks, charm, dignity, and no desire at all to be in the social limelight. She married Lord Castlereagh in 1931, was Romaine Combe, and is the daughter of Major Boyce Combe, of Great Holt, Dockenfield, Surrey. She and her husband have two daughters, three-year-old Jane, and Annabel, born last year

They Look Happy

Richard Tauber and Diana Napier as an Engaged Couple

Richard Tauber, the Viennese singer-film-actor, and Diana Napier Ellis, film-actress daughter of Major A. P. B. Ellis and Mrs. Napier Ellis, of Gloucester Terrace, W.2, announced their engagement in May. They are both working in "My Heart's Delight," Tauber's new singing vehicle, for which he himself has composed some of the songs. These photographs of the engaged couple were taken at Green Gates, Diana Napier's Elstree cottage

Photographs by Swaebe

Sasha

Sign, Please!

In the sweltering heat—enjoyed by all—of the Theatrical Garden Party a strange figure might have been observed with fountain-pen in hand, signing autograph-books, etc., on request. His costume had a Mark Hambourgian touch about it, but closer inspection reveals the wearer as Leslie Henson, now happily convalescent, merely disguised as a famous musician

Mickey Mouse's Master

Who Are These?

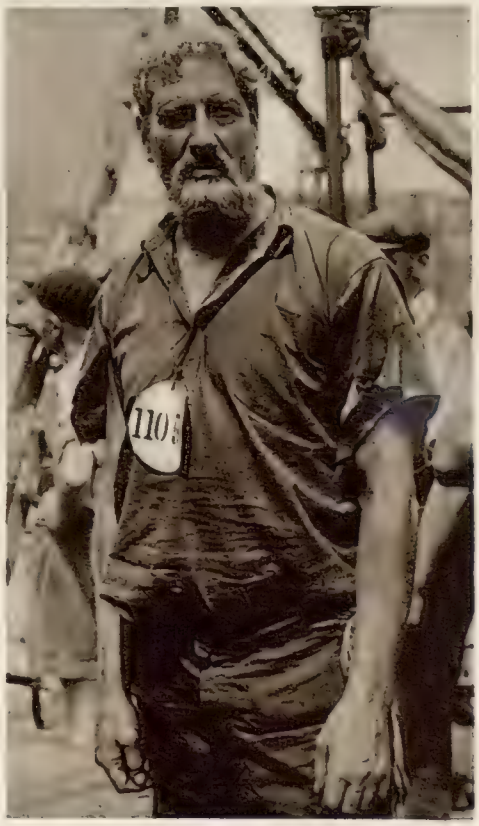
They're All Famous If You Recognise Them

Cupid's Beau

Above shows Walt Disney, creator of Mickey, having a sort of busman's holiday at the B.I.P. Studios at Elstree, which he said was "Just like being at home," even though, to quote Hamlet, there's "Not a mouse stirring." With him is the Countess of Carlisle

Left: Maurice Chevalier on duty at the Theatrical Garden Party, distinctly jealous of the costume of a young helper playing the part of Cupid, complete with bow and arrow, and precious little else

Right: a convict in "King of the Damned," the Gaumont-British film being made at Northolt. Concealed by the face fungus are the features of Bombardier Billy Wells, which shows that no matter how many knock-down blows may be received in one vocation, it is possible to rise in another



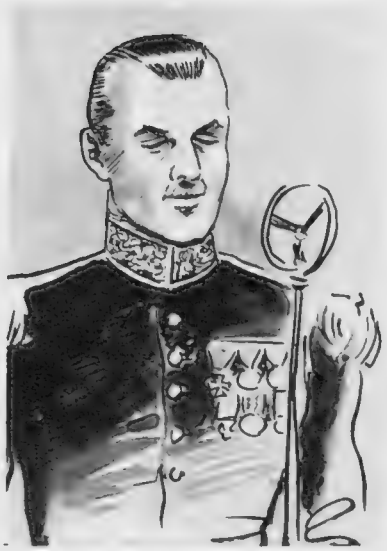
Actor and Boxer Too

GOING OUT to

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Priscilla Weigall

Whose coming-of-age dance at Englemere, her parents' house at Ascot, was the star event of Ascot Week night-life. She had a busy evening between doing hostess, and dancing with her fiancé, Lord Curzon



General de la Laurencie

Captain Aublet

Were sketched at the lunch-party at the Savoy given by the British Sportsmen's Club to the Cadre Noir, Saumur Cavalry School, who were here for the International Horse Show. General de la Laurencie made a speech in answer to the chairman, Lord Decies. Captain Aublet is one of the Cadre Noir's handsome and dashing officers

It Isn't Surprising

"MUSTN'T grumble," murmured the waiter in my service flat, when I asked him how he was enjoying the heat. What a lovely expression! It smacks of "Not 'alf!" and "I don't mind if I do," that rather condescending acceptance of the offer of a drink!

Our boy-friends grumble like mad at wearing tails and a white tie on these torrid nights. Think of wearing at least part of the outfit all day long, carrying trays of steaming food to me and my kind at intervals!

The temperature is said to have been higher than for the last fifty years, and even fortunate possessors of low blood pressure have been looking rather "beetrootish" these last few days. A heat-wave is one of the few times when it is worth while being a woman. A thin evening dress over one chiffon undergarment has its compensations.

Satisfactory Answer

VERY up-to-date ventilation has established the success of the new Lansdowne Restaurant in Berkeley Square. "Where can we go and keep cool?" is the burning question of the moment, and this latest of Mayfair rendezvous seems a satisfactory answer. Lady Warrender, the Marquis de Casa Maury, the Thursbys and Brinsley Plunkets, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon have all been dining or lunching there in the last few days.

We See the Dawn

IT was bad luck for the De Winton Wills that rain during the day prevented people enjoying one of the few Mayfair gardens to the fullest extent. Such a good party it was! The kind that is still going with a swing at 4 a.m., when the egg-and-bacon and beer stage has arrived.

Lady Dunn was there after a long absence, looking as attractive as ever in a cool, white dress; Lady Brougham and Vaux, frail and lovely in pale blue; and Mrs. David Heneage, who was the prettiest woman in the room—even the other pretty women agreed about that. Mrs. Everard Gates, who has been getting into a flat and a country house at the same time, wore an enviable dress of blue sequins, high-necked and long-sleeved. Pat Charles has one, too, that accentuates her slimness to a maddening extent. Michael Farmer, Rupert Bias, and Hamish Erskine were among those eating a hearty breakfast as we left. We realised that we had not been to bed in the dark for weeks, always those opal tints of the dawn reminding us of the torture of waking up a few hours later.

No More Mews

WE know all about cleanliness and godliness, but one thing is very certain, and that is cleanliness and modernity. There are large sixteenth- and seventeenth-century mansions in the country that have two bathrooms for at least twelve guests and six servants. Hugh Leveson-Gower and his wife (who was Averil Imeretinsky) have an upper part over a butcher's shop, in the Eaton Square district, that has four bathrooms, in addition to its other attractions.

At a six o'clock party there the other day we met that elusive young man Rodney Soher (just back from Mexico), John Hallet and Charles Birkin, off to the Petersen fight, and Mrs. Scott Callingham, who has just recovered a valuable brooch she lost in Cannes last summer.

Peggy Johnson, who has lovely clothes, lovely furs, and lovely jewellery, plus one of the most-liked fathers in London, flew in and out again, and little Tiny Sword, pale and thin after her recent illness, managed to look cool even in tweeds.

Some of the enthusiasm for converted mews dwellings is dying out. The noise of motor-cars, chauffeurs' children (bless their hearts!), and the braying of adjacent cheap wireless sets are driving people away, and luxury maisonettes in unluxurious surroundings are becoming much more popular. Bob Lebus (another elusive bachelor) has one of the most attractive of all, somewhere off Baker Street (all right, Portman Square!). He is a collector of great taste, and there is scarcely a thing in that exquisite flat that you would not give your soul to possess. Extremely intelligent, and very hard-working at the business that we don't feel interests him as much as all that, Bob Lebus is one of the nicest people in London.

Go Weight, Come Beauty

BETWEEN them, Lady Smiley, Lady Pamela Smith, and Mrs. Quinney Gilbey must recently have lost the entire weight of an ordinary woman, and in each case the change is quite extraordinarily becoming.

Since she has married, Lady Smiley has completely altered her type. From a plump, dimpled, curly-haired "Beaton-esque" little girl, she has become a slim, elegant young matron, quietly dressed, smoothly coiffured, her really lovely skin quite unmade-up.

Romie Gilbey has lost nearly a stone, and never looked prettier in her life;

GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Mrs. Clara Fargo Thomas

Madame Provatoroff

Mme. Provatoroff (Waveney Carten that was) is already nicely sun-browned; she was wearing a bright-patterned dress for dinner at the Embassy

Lady Elizabeth Paget

Was also at the Embassy, and had on a severe black dress, with a series of diamond clips at its high neck

Left: the American artist was also at the British Sportsmen's Club lunch for the Cadre Noir. She was the creator of the Pageant of Beauty frieze that was shown by Elizabeth Arden at Dorland House recently

The Marquis de Casa Maury

Was sketched (in a pale yellow tie) at the Bon Viveur, where he goes as to his second home. And why not—as it is next door to his "office," the Curzon Cinema?

while Lady Pamela's really beautiful features are enhanced by her new fragility. She takes her duties as chairman of the Dinner Dance in aid of the Beddington Orphanages very seriously, and looked quite lovely in a pale-green and blue flowered dress and big black hat at the final meeting, which was held during a violent thunder-storm at Mrs. le Roy Lewis's house in Wilton Crescent. The Dinner Dance in aid of this very deserving charity takes place to-night—that is, July 3rd, at the Dorchester, Lord Feversham and Miss Megan Lloyd George having promised to speak. Lord Feversham is one of the most serious of our younger peers, devoting much of his time to good works and charity. He is a half-brother of Mrs. Anthony Eden, and we saw them in a party of four, seeking a little relaxation in a new and little-known night club the other night.

Fantastic Success

WHILE on the subject of charity, and the never-ending ruses invented to extort our hard-earned money for one good cause or another, we must congratulate the Duchess of Marlborough as president, and Mrs. Claud Leigh as chairman, on the fantastic success of the Debutantes' Ball in aid of King Edward VII.'s Hospital at Ealing, at Grosvenor House last week.

Many people are inclined to imagine that the charities themselves benefit to only a small extent from these functions, and that the money is eaten up in hotel expenses, printing, publicity, and a hefty fee for the organiser. When we tell you that no less a sum than £2000 will be handed over intact to the Hospital after all the expenses are defrayed, you may believe in a Charity Ball for once, and take off your hats to Mrs. Leigh for her unsparing energy and quite remarkable powers of organisation.

To be able to chaperon and take out two daughters, move into a new country house the size of Folijambe Park, and run a Charity Ball for which 1500 tickets were sold, remaining entirely calm and unruffled as well, seems scarcely within the bounds of possibility.

The tableaux, representing debutantes throughout the ages, were arranged and produced by Miss Auriol Lee and Mr. Nicholas de Molas, and were quite charming. We thought Miss Alicia Browne the belle of the Regency bunch. She is Lord Kilmaine's daughter, and a lovely girl, with classic features and large grey eyes. The little Paget twins looked divine in the Victorian group, and in this Elizabeth Johnson, Lady Selsdon's daughter, stood out quite remarkably. She is a fascinating little thing, with small features, a great deal of poise, and a very good dress sense.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough took a party to the Ball, which included Lady Dalkeith and Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald, who really is quite lovely.

Hen Party

WOMEN'S lunches can be either amusing or deadly dull. Mrs. Quintin Gilbey collected fourteen of her own sex the other day, and we hear they enjoyed themselves as much as tiresome men who dither over the port and won't leave the dining-room. ("We don't want *them*, but one must think of the servants!")

Mme. Dubonnet was at this luncheon, with her high little voice and her beautiful clothes. Mrs. Charles Ansell, still promising to write her reminiscences, which are to be called *Fun in Three Reigns*, and Mrs. James Rodney, looking sunburnt and well after her quite miraculous recovery, and a week-end at Leeds Castle.

Too Much Energy

WHILE we basked in the Somerset sun at the Yarlington home of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Wright, our boy-friend set out on what he calls a "restful" Sunday.

He and Edgar ("Finger-in-Every-Pie") Granville motored to Bristol, thirty miles away, where, for some reason best known to himself, he had abandoned his Moth.

They arrived at Mr. Lindsay Everard's private aerodrome at Radclyffe, near Leicester, just in time to attend the

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Annual Aerial Luncheon for private owners in the Lords and Commons.

Luncheon is served in one of the large hangars of the aerodrome, and up till now the flying family of Londonderry have usually been the guests of honour. This year Mr. Walter Elliot responded for the guests, and Captain Percival was surrounded by air-maniacs asking what it felt like to breakfast at Heston, lunch in Africa, and dine in London (or whatever it was he did).

Having been given a flip in his new Klumm by Lord Willoughby de Broke, and digested his lunch, the boy-friend and Granville flew to a convenient spot near Henley for a bathe in the Thames. And so back to Heston; but, for the life of us, we do not see that we need quite as much change of scenery on a summer Sunday as all that.

Not So Frivolous

MRS. ORMOND LAWSON JOHNSTON had a fork luncheon which we attended. Fortunately, we have been brushing up our American lately, and were able to join in the conversation.

The background of the luncheon was Lady "Baba" Metcalfe's film première of *Becky Sharp*, at the New Gallery on July 11th. It is Jock Whitney's great colour film, of which *Cucarracha* was the little forerunner.

Another charity event that always makes a stir—among the younger generation, anyhow—is the Children's Garden Party in the Marlborough House gardens. The Prince of Wales is not only lending the gardens, but his own piper as well, to pipe the children in and out of the various entertainments. This all happens to-morrow (July 4th), in aid of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, with Lady Thomas as chairman and a mad-keen committee which Lady Claud Hamilton has joined this year for the first time.

Boxing Night

SIR HARRY PRESTON had a large "stag" party at Wembley for the Petersen v. Neusel fight. At dinner the ladies belonging to both Sir Harry's and Mr. A. J. Elwin's (the managing-director of Wembley) parties were segregated at a separate table.

Sir Harry's party included Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, Lord Decies, and Sir George Sutton. Miss Betty Sundmark, survivor of the original Dorchester girls, attended the fight with Lord Scarsdale, and braved the cloudburst that drenched those in the more expensive seats.

Mr. Stanley Wootton was also a guest of Sir Harry Preston. He graduated from the ranks of jockeys to be one of the shrewdest of trainers. He has raised some of the best jockeys riding to-day, and says that it costs about a thousand pounds to make a good jockey out of a raw apprentice.

Go Home, Please!

SEVERAL hosts and hostesses hit on last Wednesday night for their parties. Patsy and Eve Richardson gave a lovely one at their house in Regent's Park; Lord Dudley entertained at Claridge's, and the Simon Marks at Cleeve Lodge. At both the private houses a garden and wide balconies enabled the guests to keep cool, and supper was served out of doors. People came and went from one party to another, sometimes going back to the first again. The Richardsons had converted two downstairs rooms into bars—always a good idea. We saw Mr. Aitken (young Max) at this party, and all the St. Moritz gang, the host being a ski-ing ace.

The hostess wore a gay printed frock; Lady Stanley of Alderley had her hair done in a new way that suits her well. Large white flowers on a black background enhanced Miss Toto Koopman's exotic beauty.

At about five o'clock the hostess was heard to say plaintively: "I want to go to bed. I wish you would all go home." What further proof of a successful party can one want than that?

Mrs. Gwynne and Sir Robert Throckmorton came on from the party at Claridge's to Cleeve Lodge, where Mrs. Archie Campbell was supping in the garden, wearing an ermine coat despite the heat. We saw Anita Prinsep several times that evening, at one party or another, looking radiant in a pink, sparkling dress.

Piano-player

It is one thing to be known and appreciated in musical circles, and another to have been heard of in the big, wide world.

Miss Ray Lev, who gave a pianoforte recital at the Wigmore Hall last Monday, will very soon have accomplished both.

She is a young American of notable talent who has already played at 10, Downing Street and at the White House for President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

MISS PEEPS

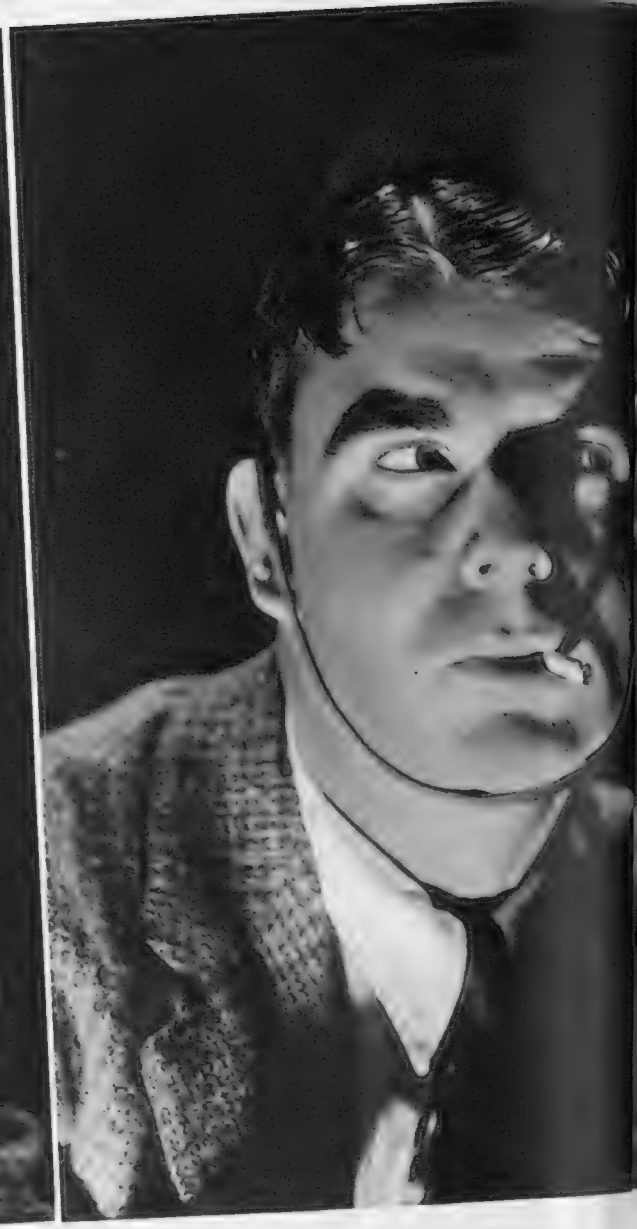
Mayfair's Favourite Country Is Austria

Three "generations" dressed up in Austrian-ish dresses—ex-deb Lady Ursula Manners, her debutante sister, Lady Isobel Manners, and (in the centre) sub-deb Primula Rollo, Lady Kathleen Rollo's daughter. This was for the "Night in Vienna" Ball at Grosvenor House, which had all the adjuncts in the way of beer-gardens, lots of waltzes, and an Austrian cabaret

Rhythm

A Camera Study

"Baby Face? That's me. Silly name, isn't it?"



"Oh, yes, I'm shy with the la

"What's that light in here? There's somebody in this room holdin' a flashlight . . . ."

"The paper-boy says th cakes. Here's a full pag

The Mind of a Murderer

Emlyn Williams As Dan In *Night Must Fall*, at the Duchess Theatre

Photographs by John Everard

"Not many people have it in them to kill people. Oh, no!"

THESE fine camera-studies, specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard, are of Emlyn Williams in *Night Must Fall*, a play written by himself, which is drawing crowded houses to the Duchess Theatre. Unlike the majority of thrillers, the audience learns at once that Dan, the youth here depicted, is guilty of one murder, and before the close knows that he has committed two. The first study shows Dan, already a blackmailer and killer, when first he ingratiates himself into the household of the hypochondriacal Mrs. Bramson, whose house-parlourmaid he has seduced, so that the remark associated with the second study is obviously spoken ironically. Pride of achievement and the thought that he has "got away with" murder is represented in the third study; while the fourth shows, for the first time, jangled nerves. Next he is seen proud in the fact that he is being talked about, while the last study indicates that, though he has lost the battle of wits with Scotland Yard, yet fear of the consequences takes second place to the thought that his will be the figure on which the limelight of publicity plays in a real drama yet to be staged. These may or may not be the thoughts in the mind of this murderer, but they make an enthralling play

g like hot
s and all"

"This is the real thing, my boy!"

Alexandra Danilova

Ballerina of Col. de Basil's Ballets Russes

Danilova, the dark, lively, attractive girl who is one of the most brilliant as she is one of the most popular dancers in Colonel de Basil's Company, has been photographed as the soubrette in "The Good-Humoured Ladies." This ballet goes into the Covent Garden repertoire later in the season; the music is Scarlatti's, the choreography is Massine's, and Danilova's part was first danced by Lopokova when the ballet was produced in 1917. It hasn't been seen in London since 1927. In the meantime, Danilova delights her audiences with her polished vital dancing in "Le Beau Danube" (one of her most fascinating parts), the classical "Sylphides," "La Boutique Fantasque," and a dozen more. These pictures of her are the first in a short series of photographs of de Basil's stars, specially taken for the "Bystander" by Anthony

Photographs by Anthony

Swaebe

Above: ***Lady Campbell and Miss Mary Campbell***

Below: ***Princesse de Wagram and Princesse Béatrice de Broglie***

Hay Wrightson

Below: ***Lady Greenwood and the Hon. Deborah Greenwood***

Bassano

The Last Courts

Three From the U.S.A.

Anne Alston, of Atlanta, Ga., Betty Timmons, of Kansas, and Louise Richardson, of Atlanta, Ga., were three attractive American debutantes who were presented at the last Court by Mrs. Robert Bingham, the American Ambassador's wife

Below: ***Miss Charmian Van Raalte***

Elwin Neame

Miss Eileen Rhodes and Her Cousin, Miss Rose Hutton

Mary Campbell *is the only child of Sir Charles Campbell of Auchinbreck, and Lady Campbell; they live at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight.* ***Princesse Béatrice de Broglie*** *is the daughter of Prince Jacques de Broglie and Princesse de Wagram; she and her mother were presented on June 25th by Mme. Regis de Oliveira.* ***Deborah Greenwood*** *is Lord and Lady Greenwood's younger daughter, and was presented at the third Court.* ***Charmian van Raalte*** *was presented by Lady Howard de Walden.* ***Eileen Rhodes*** *is the daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Tahu Rhodes; her mother presented both her and her cousin,* ***Rose Hutton,*** *who is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Hutton, and a niece of Lady Clementina Tottenham*

Straight from the Course: Impressions of Some

Jocular Joe Ezar all out for any old thing

Three past champions have a very rough time: Ted Ray, James Braid and Sandy Herd

Henry Pickard, the Candy King, kicks himself in temper at a fluffed shot

Gordon Lockhart takes up his stance

Eric McRuvie playing out of his jumper

John Henry Taylor looks on

"Mac" Smith stole the thunder with a 66 in the qualifying stages

A. Perry falling back "on one"

Dr. J. A. Flaherty coughing his way into second place among amateurs in the qualifying rounds

Personalities in the "Open": By H. H. Harris

Archie Compston in another funny hat

T. P. Whitaker, the Old Blue, who became purple taking six shots in a bunker

George Duncan looked the goods for a few holes

Lawson Little playing so badly asks a photographer not to take his picture

Proud Scot showing bump after being struck by Cotton's ball

Harry Kinch after a morning in the "Maar"

Ernest Kenyon and his best plus fours

James B. Shackell, of Oxford University, tries to keep the bags flying

Brig.-Gen. Critchley was the first one "out" of the qualifying rounds

Political Tennis

Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., and Lord and Lady Birkenhead (she was the Hon. Sheila Berry) at Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's house at Highgate for the Lords v. Commons tennis tournament

Below: Pamela, Lady Glenconner, giving her two sons, James and Colin Tennant, a start on their switchback ride at the children's garden-party which was held at Admiral's House, Lady Glenconner's house in Hampstead, in aid of the nursery school of the North St. Pancras Housing Group

Lady Glenconner and Her Sons

This Looks More Like Summer

The Gordon Fosters

Left: Major and Mrs. Gordon Foster at the Peterborough Foxhound Show last week, where all the horse-and-hound-conscious set collected for their biggest event between one hunting season and another. Major Gordon Foster is the president of the Agricultural Society

River-Girl

Above: Virginia Cherrill, the Hollywood lovely, who is having a great success over here, spent an orthodox Ascot Sunday on the river, in Countess Paul Munster's party

"The Seafields" in Scotland

Left: Lady Seafield, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, and bull-terrier Jock looked as if they were going motoring. Lady Seafield and her husband are up at Cullen House, her place in Banffshire

BRITISH BIRDS

bottled by Worthington

The WIMBLING OR DAVIS LAWN DOVE

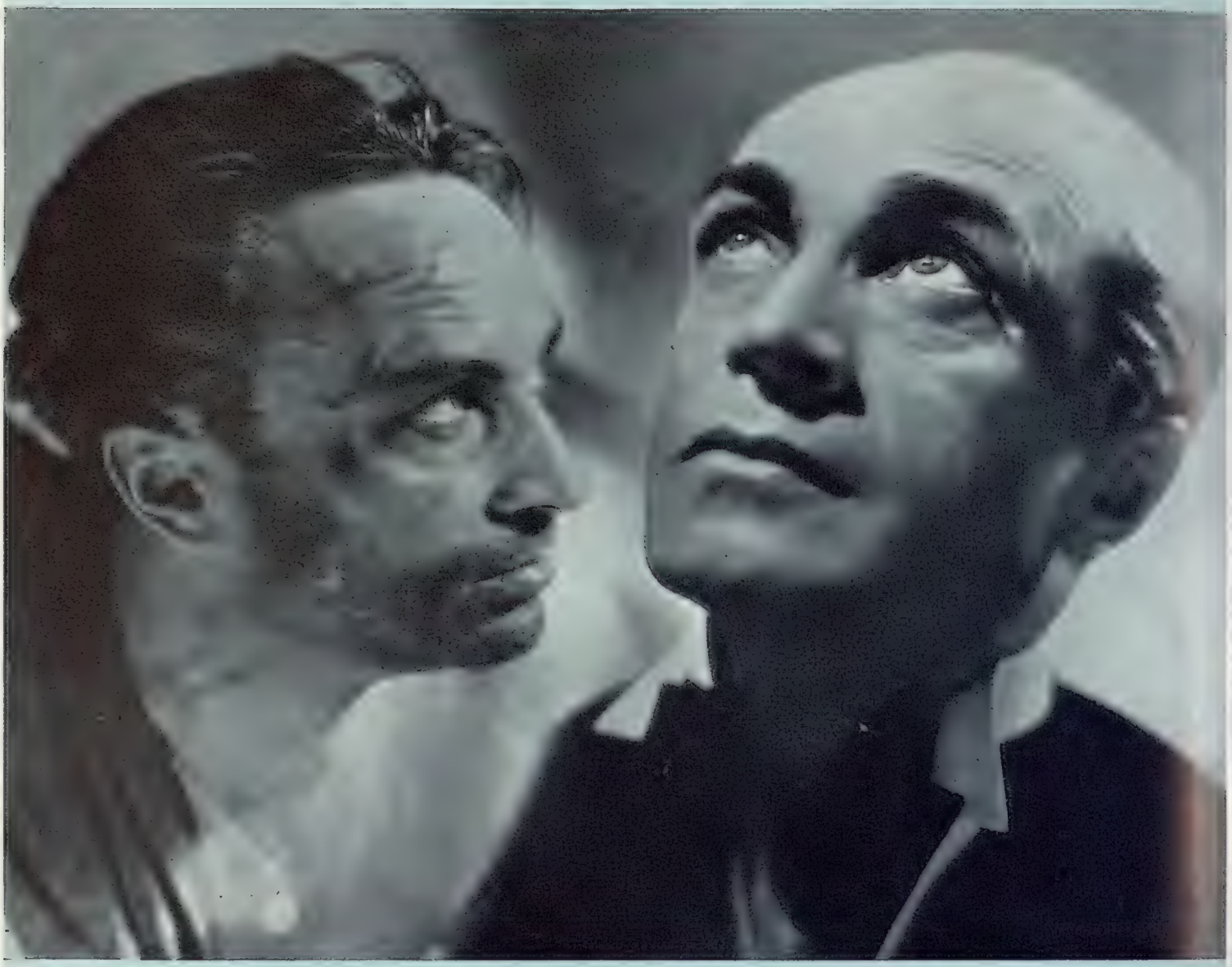
(Amator furiosus)

With all its faults (due to temperament?) an amusing creature. When courting, drives and cuts at its vis-a-vis with happy cries. At seeding-time, however, no love is lost. Others rally round greeting single birds with volleys of applause—the deuce of a racket. (Places to view the tourneys are the subject of a racket also.)

Plumage : White. That of the females becoming shortened.

Song : Brief and strident, the love-song having a subtly triumphant note.

Food : Swooping, diving and other antics in the heat are a great strain on its stamina. A service of Worthington, however, sets it up anew.



A Man With Two Faces

Conrad Veidt As a Convict and As a Saint

A SHORT time ago Conrad Veidt was working on two films at once, which kept the make-up man busy, and produced this clever composite photograph of Veidt in his two rôles. One of the films was *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, Jerome K. Jerome's story of the Christ-like "Stranger" who appeared in a lodging-house and the strange effect he had on the lives of its inhabitants. The other film, which is still in production, is *King of the Damned*, a screen version of the Lyceum melodrama, in which Veidt plays the part of leader of the rebel convicts in the French penal settlement where the story is set. Two American stars, Noah Beery and Helen Vinson, are appearing in this picture, as well as a huge crowd of fifteen hundred "convicts"; Walter Forde is directing. Both these Gaumont-British films should give Veidt big opportunities—for the impressive restraint and dignity of which he showed himself a master in *Jew Süss* and for the bitter strength and ruthlessness which is the reverse side of his acting

Miss Betty Walshe, third from the bottom of the ladder, entertained a party of her friends at Almaza Airport, before leaving for Khartoum by air. Miss Walshe, who is eight years old, made the journey in care of the "guard." She reports the only incident as the temporary loss of her pet tortoise, found later eating freight

The King Reviews An Air Armada

By Charles Ward

The "Jubilee" Monospar, the latest five-seater cabin de luxe, which is being sold by General Aircraft for £1550. Cruising at 130 miles an hour, its twin Pobjoy motors give it a range of nearly 600 miles

The Royal Flying Family

EVERY day flying becomes more and more a matter of routine. Everyone has an interest in the air, whether it be official or social, for business or pleasure. H.M. the King is Chief of the Royal Air Force, and in that capacity will review a flying armada at Mildenhall and Duxford on Saturday next, July 6th. I believe this will be the first public occasion on which his Majesty has worn Air Force uniform. The Prince of Wales is an Air Chief-Marshal and Honorary Air Commodore-in-Chief of the Auxiliaries. He was in R.A.F. blue at Cranwell some little time ago, but it is as a patron of the air lines, a private owner, and an owner-pilot that he is best known on the aerodromes. His flying experience goes back to 1917-18, at a time when his brother, the Duke of York, was attached to the R.A.F. and learnt to fly. The Prince of Wales took up flying seriously in 1928, taking lessons at Northolt with Squadron-Leader Don as his instructor. He became the owner of a Moth in 1929 and from that time onwards has flown thousands of miles all over the world. When the cabin types became popular he bought a Puss Moth, to be followed by the Vickers "Viastra" for long journeys and for accommodating a party of friends. The "Viastra" proved rather expensive to operate in comparison with the "Dragon," when that type came into general use, and the Prince now owns two "Dragons." That, with one exception, he has always owned de Havilland products is a tribute to the excellence of their designs and to the fact that spares and expert service are available at most aerodromes in every country. The Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester share with their elder brother a liking for air travel, though neither of them is an owner-pilot. In no country has the ruling house set such a magnificent example in popularising the air way, and some measure of the success of British air lines and aircraft is due to this fact.

First Marshal of the Air

BY the nature of their work, chiefs of the R.A.F. are practically unknown to the public until they cease to command and take up some more prosaic job outside the Service. There are exceptions, of course—Lord "Boom" Trenchard has been more in the public eye as O.C. "The Force" than ever he was as first Marshal of the R.A.F., though his ten years at Adastral House provided the greater task. He still retains close contact with flying, particularly through the various associations formed to maintain the "old comrade" spirit. He is President of the R.A.F. Flying Club, one of the youngest and yet most successful organisations for providing really cheap air experience. With the help of de Havilland's and the blessing of the Air Ministry, many of whose senior officers became Vice-Presidents, the Club got a good start, and is now self-supporting after three years' existence.

The S.B.A.C. at Home

ON Monday last the Industry was at home to its friends and its customers from all over the place. It was a free show for a select company of 2000 or so who saw British aircraft demonstrated to the best advantage. The Hendon Exhibition, following the R.A.F. Display, has become an institution of far greater value than any indoor parade of models—for what is an aeroplane on green baize except a model? Who can tell how it flies; what run it needs to take-off; whether it is noisy or comfortable? There were forty different types on show and in the air at Hendon. In a hangar, sixty-five members of the Society displayed their wares—mostly materials, parts and accessories. More business is created as a result of this exhibition than at any other time of the year.

Tarmac Notes

THE "Jubilee" Monospar is the goods—a five-seater, cruising at 130 m.p.h., for £1550. Radio for entertainment; sound proofing; metal construction; dipping headlamps for landing; hydraulic brakes and parking ratchet; cabin engine-starters and one-man wing-folding; in fact, a complete vehicle for effortless travel to any country. It is built at Hanworth by General Aircraft, a company associated with Aero Engines, Ltd., whose new issue enjoyed considerable success. Mr. Humphrey Coysh, who has had five years' experience of the luxury traffic to the nearer Continental resorts, is now manager for Air Dispatch at Croydon. A week-end service to Le Touquet is being operated with an Avro 642, a sixteen-passenger liner, equipped with a snack-bar and carrying a steward. Captain E. W. Percival, wearing a lounge suit, and with his hat on, looked fresh and unfatigued at the end of his return flight to Africa, 2300 miles in less than seventeen hours. The flight meant business, for he secured an order for one of his "Gulls" whilst having breakfast at Oran. Average speeds were 160 outward bound and 156 on the way home. Captain Baker has been enjoying himself at Heston, flying for the films. Complete with moustache, he "doubled" for Claude Hulbert and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in Warner Bros.' latest production, starring also Laura la Plante. Flying shots for *The Last Journey*, which is the current Julias Hagen production at Twickenham, are also to be taken at Heston, and this time Air Hire will provide the aircraft.

Women's Golf:

International and Inter-County

By Eleanor E. Helme

Yorkshire Beat Cheshire in a County Competition

Mrs. Griffith (left), beaten 3 and 2 and 2 and 1 by Mrs. Rhodes (right), when Yorkshire beat Cheshire. On the previous day, Mrs. Rhodes had an astonishing 30 out, five under fours for thirteen holes, when beating Mrs. Soulby

Miss Mabel Wragg (left), seven times Champion of Yorkshire, with Mrs. Whitfield, her opponent when Yorkshire beat Cheshire 6—1, at Hallamshire. Miss Wragg won one and lost one

Mrs. Alan Hartley (left), who played top for Cheshire v. Yorkshire at Hallamshire, beating Miss Katherine Platts (right) at the 22nd hole in the morning, and losing to her 2 and 1 in the afternoon

Dear Bystander,

Embarras de richesses, says I, with a mop to the brow, not because of French influence at Worplesdon, but because it is the bald truth. There is that most exciting match to describe; there are also the amazing events which I had the good luck to witness in Yorkshire, when that county won twelve matches out of fourteen, all from Cheshire, in one day, to qualify for a replay with Lancashire. And though I was not at Newport, Mon., it would be injustice to Miss Jestyn Jeffreys not to point out what a stout performance it was on her part to qualify first and to win the South-Western Championship, particularly to beat Miss Wall, the young Weston-super-Mare-ian who put out Miss Pyman, the holder, and seems to have shown such promise. I could not be in two places at once, and the Northern counties had prior claim.

Of them more in a minute. First, France. When Mme. René Lacoste (Simone de la Chaume) said beforehand: "We do not expect to win, but at least we do not want to look ridiculous," everybody knew that she was putting far too derogatory a value on the French team. Under no circumstances could they or their golf have looked ridiculous, and as for not winning, there was grave doubt about that part of the business. Local critics, from the caddies (always shrewd and unsparing) to scratch men and women, pronounced them to be very good golfers indeed, and predicted that the match would be a tight one. So it was.

The top foursome was right enough; Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Jessie Anderson, with complete faith in each other, were always ready to cover up each other's slips with something extra good for the next shot. Mme. Lacoste had a little bit too much of that to do on behalf of Mme. Strauss, who seemed a more nervous golfer than she had ever been as Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, and to have done her fine swing no good by the introduction of a strange, flail-like movement of the wrists which does not suggest steadiness. Such criticism may appear unfounded, when she won her afternoon single against that sound golfer, Miss Phyllis Wade, but in the morning, when one sought for some reason why it was Mme. Lacoste who carried the side, that was the chief explanation. Mme. Lacoste played beautifully; she hits the ball further than she used to do, and is every whit as accurate. The short putts, after the manner of their kind, would not go down in the afternoon, but, even so, she pulled back a lead of four, and took Mrs. Holm to the last green before losing there. And in the morning she quite definitely played fewer bad shots and more good ones than anybody in the foursome, though it was Miss Morgan and Miss Anderson who won by 4 and 2.

In the second foursome, Mlle. Tollon and Mme. Munier had the good fortune to find Mrs. Holm right below her best: Mrs. Walker played splendidly, but, just as for the other country in the other foursome, one player cannot make a pair, and the French couple entirely deserved their 2 and 1 win. Mlle. Tollon's run up to the 17th alone earned something.

The third foursome went a hole further, the very fine chipping of Mlle. Monique Faÿ, partnered by Mme. Florand, just turning the scale against all that Miss Wade could do in that department, and a number of impressive shots and good putting on the part of Miss Mervyn Barton. Miss Pam Barton was there, her arm in a sling, looking all the better for a rest from golf, but finding that to watch a sister is even more agitating than playing yourself. Morning result: France 2, Great Britain 1.

Afternoon singles, with leeway to make up, the thermometer at 82 degrees, the ice-cream man's stock of week-end specials exhausted, and a large, enthusiastic crowd for each match, were no joke. Charmingly and suitably as both teams were dressed, even they looked hot, and as for spectators, they would gladly have sunk down beside, or even in, the pond at the 10th, if the golf had not been so exciting and so extraordinarily attractive to watch. Mlle. Tollon had the whole crowd at her feet, and, in defiance of her rather intricate swing, played fine golf. Two up most of the time, she was taken to the last green by a fine rally on Miss Morgan's part, but the truly magnificent second with which she got home there has earned Mlle. Tollon an immortal place amongst the heroines of Worplesdon. It was reviving to British hopes to hear good news from the other matches, in all of which we were up.

Miss Jessie Anderson, Mrs. Walker and Miss Nan Baird added comfortable wins to Mrs. Holm's narrow one, and so, with 5 to 4 on the day's total, it was the British team who took the unusual and beautiful Vagliano Challenge Cup. But it was a narrow shave. Only those who have watched French golf nowadays know just how good it is. Worplesdon was in quite perfect condition, with the very truest greens I have seen anywhere at any time.

It was a strange jump to that blazing day from the cold and fog at Hallamshire, where the Northern counties met. First day was Yorkshire v. Lancashire, both unbeaten, but Lancashire with two odd match wins from Cheshire, the third of the Big Three, to their credit. Lancashire got home 4 to 3 in the morning, when the fog reduced visibility to fifty yards, or less; the chief feature was some fine golf from Miss Berry and Miss Mary Johnson. Yorkshire turned the tables 5 to 2 after lunch, when some even more extraordinarily fine golf from Miss Johnson, giving her a second win from Miss Corlett, was eclipsed by a 30 out, from Mrs. Rhodes, who was still five under fours when she had beaten Mrs. Soulby 6 and 5! This from men's tees, on a big course, men's par 35 out, and not done by fluky long putts, but by repeated shots up close to the pin. No wonder Mrs. Rhodes wins so many Bystander spoons!

This meant that Yorkshire, playing Cheshire, also at Hallamshire, twice the next day, could only afford one loss for an outright win of the division from Lancashire, or two for a tie and replay. Yorkshire did it. Their only morning loss was at the 22nd, where Mrs. Hartley (Cheshire lacked their two top players) beat the Yorkshire champion, Miss Platts. After lunch Miss Wragg lost at the 16th to Mrs. Whitfield in spite of going out in an irreproachable 37. Miss Johnson again played very impressively all day, quite different in crispness and confidence from the golf she played at Newcastle, and Mrs. Hardicker did extremely well to hang on at all, which she did with some prodigious putts.

Hallamshire is a fine course. When I am a little less embarrassed by riches, I shall tell you some more about that and another Yorkshire haunt of golf which I saw on the way south.

Yours ever,
Eleanor E. Helme.

An International Affair

Great Britain Just Beats France at Worplesdon

Above: Mrs. Wallace Williamson, captain of the British side, proudly displays the trophy of victory to her team

Above, left: Mme. P. P. Munier and Mlle. Tollon, Mrs. Holm and Mrs. J. B. Walker. The former pair won by 2 and 1

Below: Mme. Lacoste and Mme. A. Strauss, Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan. The British pair won by 4 and 2

Above: flag-waggers—Mrs. R. T. Peel, of Surrey County, who acted as flag-wagger for the British ball, and Miss Diana Plumpton for the French

Above: Mrs. J. B. Walker having a joke with Miss I. Rieben, a reserve for Great Britain

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Brilliant Trio

By A. G. Macdonell

One of the literary portents of the age is Mr. J. C. Powys, and his new novel, *Jobber Skald* (The Bodley Head: 8*s.* 6*d.*), is no less portentous than his previous works. It is a big book, big in length, in profundity, in conception, and in treatment, and whatever its faults as a tale, it will take immediate rank as an important event in post-war literature. It would be impossible and profitless to attempt to describe the plot, for the plot, such as it is, is so incessantly overlaid with sub-plots, minor incidents, the play and interplay of subsidiary characters, and pages and pages of semi-mystical, semi-religious philosophisings, that it is apt to get completely lost for whole chapters at a time. The Jobber is a huge, rugged, massive seafaring man who earns his living as a marine "carrier" between small seaside towns, plying from port to port in his motor-boat. The twin passions of his life are his love for Perdita Wayne and his hatred of Dogberry Cattistock, the local brewer, financier, industrialist, and general grinder of the faces of the poor. The Jobber always carries about with him, even when paying court to his lady-love, a stone with which to smash the skull of his enemy. But somehow he can never bring himself to the final point of murder, and in the end Dog Cattistock escapes from the avenging angel and runs away to Italy with a little shop-girl, and the Jobber, homicidal thoughts banished for ever, settles down with his Perdita. And all the time there is a magnificent procession of other characters, strange, enigmatical, often positively weird, but always alive. Mr. Powys takes as much pains over the etching of his "supers" as over the great sweeping brush-strokes with which he splashes his principals on to his canvas. And what a huge canvas it is, and in how many moods does the painter work! He ranges from light comedy to rustic fun, from mystic ruminations to hideous descriptions of the horrors of vivisection, from beautiful descriptive writing to vulgarities that made me squirm. It is an unending mystery to me how people with such deep and enquiring and sensitive minds can occasionally go back to the talk of the junior forms at preparatory schools.

Barbara Back

Whose book of short stories, entitled "Back-Chat" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed this week by our critic

Another example of this curious tendency is to be found in Mr. Somerset Maugham's new book, *Don Fernando*. In the middle of a series of exquisite essays upon the Golden Age in Spain, the Age of Cervantes and de Vega, of the picaresque novels and the high-watermark of the Spanish drama, he suddenly prints a contemporary translation of a dialogue which contains most of the really unpleasant words in the English language. It is all very odd. But, for the rest, *Don Fernando* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a book that is full of lovely things, deep wisdom upon many men and matters, art-criticism, and philosophy, wit and felicitous prose. In particular, though it is difficult to single out one from so many, the essay on El Greco and the chapter on St. Ignatius Loyola are perhaps the most remarkable. But each reader will have a different fancy. The main point is that *Don Fernando* is a brilliant study by a brilliant writer, not only of the most brilliant era in the history of Spain, but also of the eternal, everlasting character of the Castilian race, that proud, inscrutable, dark people.

It is the rarest thing in the world for a reviewer to be able to praise three books running, and it is great fun when the occasion does arise. This week is one of these occasions, and the third of the blessed triplets is Mr. Gerald Bullett's *The Jury* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is far and away the best novel he has ever written. This is the plan of it. The first part consists of eighteen sketches of the lives of different men and women, in various walks of life, all disconnected with each other. None of them realise the existence of any of the others. Then suddenly the wife of one is found dead of an overdose of chloral; her husband is arrested on a charge of murder; and, presto! all these lives come together as jury or witnesses in the trial. The second part is the trial itself, and the third is the discussion of the jury when they have retired to consider their verdict. It is an original idea, and the execution of it is extraordinarily well done. The second part is the most exciting trial-scene that I have ever read, with the grimly impartial summing-up by the judge, the hesitations of the witnesses, the diabolical cleverness of counsel, and the evidence of the prisoner on his own behalf. If there is one fault to be found with the book, it is that the third part is unduly spun out. The talk of the twelve men and women is absolutely first-class, but one or two of the "throw-backs" seem to delay the action without heightening the suspense. But that is a small matter, and I do not hesitate to say that, whatever the jury's verdict was—and I am not going to give it away—if Mr. Bullet is charged with distracting the lieges by writing a most exciting book, I for one plump for the verdict of "Guilty."

"A History of Grosvenor Square" (Macmillan; 15*s.*) is by Mr. Arthur Dasent, who is the famous expert on London. Therefore his book is what one would expect, full of fascinating details about the houses in the Square and the great folk and the queer folk and the sporting folk and all the rest who have lived in them at one time or another. It is a mass of anecdotes and facts and little unrecorded oddities, so that, though beginning as the story of a Square, it ends as a piece of the history of a period. There is a complete index, and an admirable list of the most important of the personages who have ever lived in Grosvenor Square.

Barbara Back is a quick, neat writer of "smart" short stories. *Back-Chat* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a nicely-named volume of these. They do not pretend to be anything that they are not. They do not set out to be high-brow or portentous, but simply to entertain as a bubble or a butterfly entertains. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. But on behalf of the reviewing profession I must tender an apology to Mrs. Back. A very prominent member of our craft damned *Back-Chat* because, he said, she made a rude remark about dramatic critics. Actually one of her characters made the remark, and it is downright bad reviewing to ascribe to an author the sentiments or acts of a character.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

This lovely dress may be seen in the Model Gown Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, and is one of many which are being reduced from 9½ guineas to £5 during the summer sale. This begins next Monday, July 8th, and lasts for one week only. It is carried out in printed crêpe de Chine with a floral design. The skirt is moulded to the figure and widens at the hem with godets of sunray pleating forming part of the short train. The graceful cape in contrasting chiffon is shirred at the back and divided down the centre

Lenare

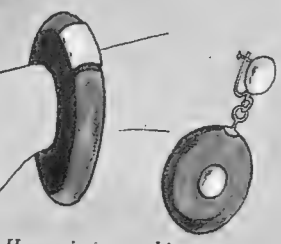
The "Big Four" in Beauty's Repertoire

Wallace Heaton

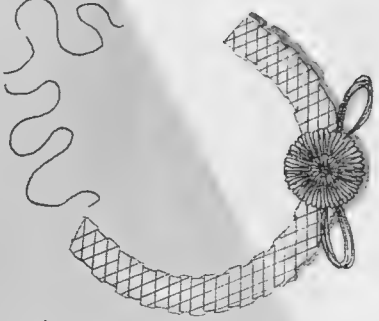
A lovely skin may be the portion of every woman who uses Cyclax preparations, and studies "Six Lessons in Loveliness," by Lilian Mayle. These will be sent free on application to 58, South Molton Street. There are four essentials in the care of the skin, namely, immaculate cleanliness, nourished tissues, elasticity of the skin, and subtle make-up, and it is on these that the whole Cyclax treatment is based. In cleansing, to remove the surface dirt is not sufficient, as any excess of acid in the system passes into the pores and chokes them. Consequently, the skin becomes discoloured. Now Special Lotion is a liquid for internal skin cleansing. It acts like a magnet in drawing out the dirt and impurities which congregate in the pores, besides which, it is antiseptic. In the case of a spot or blemish, for instance, a little painted on will draw out any poison there is, so that it heals within the course of a few hours. Needless to say, any surface dirt should be removed before applying the Lotion at night. In the morning it should be removed with Skin Food, followed by washing with Cyclax soap to remove any surface grease, and bathing in cold water to which a few drops of Braceine have been added. This liquid (4s. a bottle) has the same stimulating effect as ice, leaving the skin cool, sparkling, and at least one shade lighter. In making-up it is well to apply powder rouge, followed by a liquid foundation, either Milk of Roses, or Sunburn Lotion. In the case of a greasy skin or shiny nose, a little Cyclax Astringent Powder should be worked in with the finger-tips before making-up. The girl in the photograph is applying the finishing touch to her Cyclax make-up. Frill upon frill of white taffeta makes her dress, which is cut on picture lines with a Victorian neckline. It is obtainable in various colours, and may be seen in the small-size department at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta; pictured by Pam.

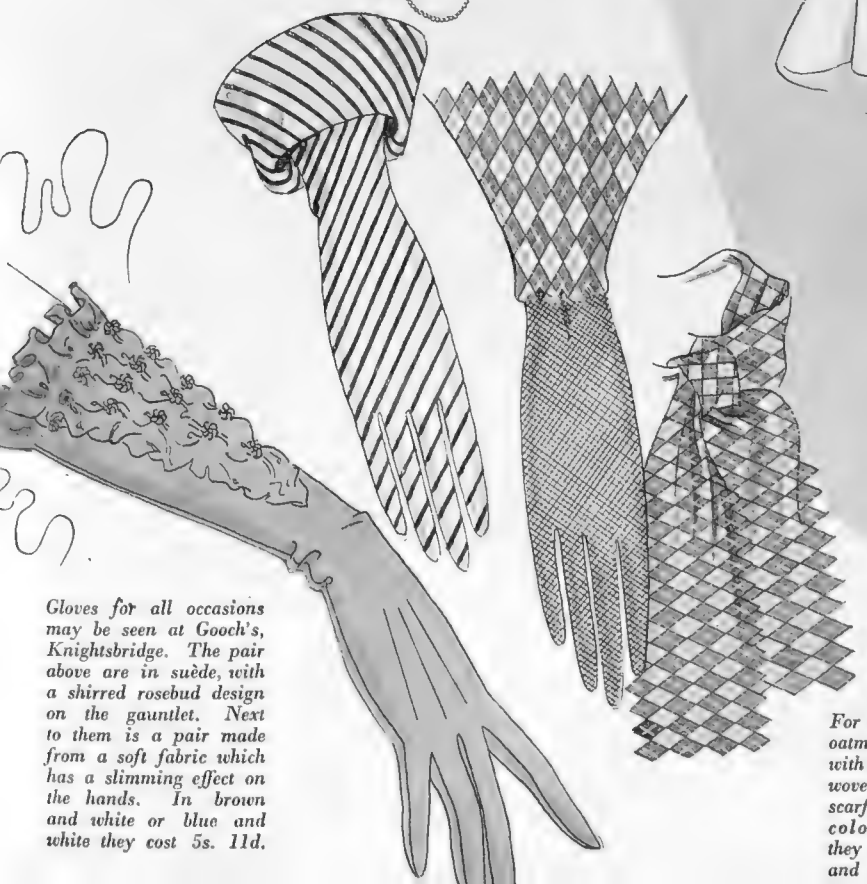


Here is something new in the way of a bangle and earrings in polished wood studded with ivory, from Swan & Edgar. The earrings are 3s. 6d.



This necklace, which also comes from Swan & Edgar, is reminiscent of the South Sea islands. In natural coloured plaited straw, with blue and green enamelled flowers, it looks charming with some of the new beach frocks

A charming addition to a frock is a fish-net necklace from Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly. The one on the left is in coral and gold beads and costs 3s. 11d. It is also available in other colours



Gloves for all occasions may be seen at Gooch's, Knightsbridge. The pair above are in suède, with a shirred rosebud design on the gauntlet. Next to them is a pair made from a soft fabric which has a slimming effect on the hands. In brown and white or blue and white they cost 5s. 11d.

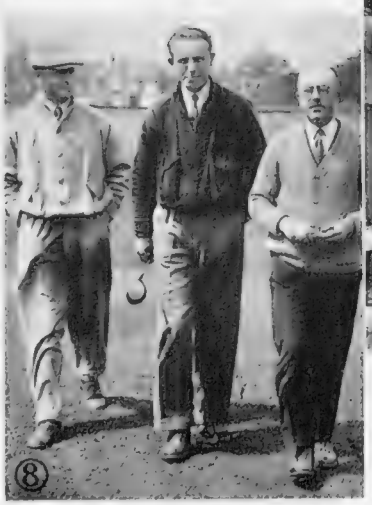
For warm days there are oatmeal fish-net gloves with gaily checked hand-woven gauntlets and a scarf to match. In several colour combinations, they are sold separately and in sets at Gooch's

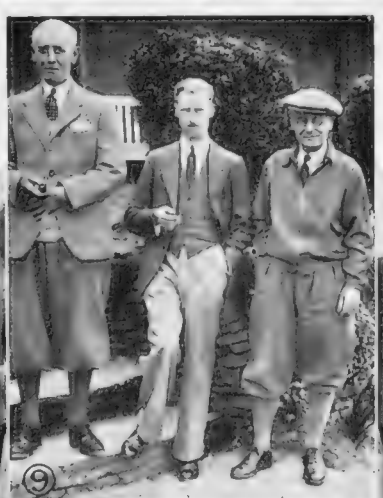
A chiffon cape is a becoming accessory to an evening frock. The one illustrated is shirred and accompanied by a muff bag. Below is a Hungarian blouse, embroidered in multi-colours. Both these may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street

Golf Clubs at Home

Bramley, Surrey

(1) Major C. Evans-Smith (secretary), Sir Frederick Willis (president), and Dr. F. K. Tomlinson (captain). (2) H. Ricketts (steward), Max Faulkner and Gus Faulkner (professionals). (3) Colonel W. H. Rogers (committee-man), Captain F. N. Fargus, R.N. (late committee-man), and Colonel H. Hughes (late committee-man). (4) J. H. Anderson, "Peter," and W. H. Walker. (5) H. Gammon, A. E. Jones, G. E. Skelton, and L. A. Trace (all committee-men). (6) J. K. Beal, E. Taylor, and A. W. Abbott (committee-man). (7) B. C. Evans and A. G. Leaman. (8) G. E. Barker, S. G. A. Stephenson, and W. A. J. Catlyn. (9) P. M. Rees (committee-man), T. G. Loweth and H. H. Given-Wilson. (10) J. C. Fox, F. B. Harris, and W. A. Bromilow





VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

THE WORLD OVER—

Quality Tells—

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY
Sanderson's

Willans

Chatter About Championships

By J. S. F. Morrison

The "Open" at Muirfield

Charles Whitcombe, who did a qualifying first round of 74, talking to Jack McLean, who recorded the same figure

Wallace Williamson and Murray Brown, secretary to the Frinton Golf Club, who acted as markers at the "Open"

Below: Lady Oxford and Asquith an interested spectator. In the background is Major Hutchinson

It is always gratifying to have any views which one may express confirmed by an uninterested party. Immediately after writing my article on low golf scores I went to the golf club at Worplesdon and found that Mrs. Ian Akers Douglas, assisted on occasions by her husband, the rackets ex-champion and Kent cricketer, had just returned a score of no less than eight up on bogey—I am not quite sure that it was not against par. The combination holed the course in 76 strokes, only two more than the standard scratch score, and it should be noted that Mrs. Akers Douglas possesses a liberal handicap.

On the day the article to which I have referred appeared, Percy Alliss very obligingly holed the King's Course at Gleneagles in 70 and 66, and as in the previous rounds he had taken 67 and 70, he won the tournament played on this course with a score of no less than fifteen under an average of fours. Eleven players actually returned aggregates of an average of fours or better. The promoters of this tournament chose to call it "The Scottish Open Championship," an ill-chosen title, as it was neither "open" nor a "championship."

On the first day of this tournament the following official statement was issued from St. Andrews: "The Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews desires to call the attention of golfers to the name of the competition at present being played at Gleneagles. This so-called 'Open Championship of Scotland' was named without any reference to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and the Club considers that no golf competitions organised by private enterprise should be called by such a misleading name. Attention having been drawn to this matter, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club hopes that in future the promoters of golf competitions will avoid the use of the word 'championship.'" I feel sure that nearly all golfers share the desire and hope of the Royal and Ancient Club. It certainly does seem most unreasonable that golf clubs, business firms, and individuals promoting golf competitions for their own benefit should describe these competitions as "championships."

The mixed-foursome tournament held annually at Worplesdon is very nearly a championship, but not quite; it is organised by the Worplesdon Golf Club, which certainly benefits both directly and indirectly. As the venue is never changed, this competition cannot claim the title of Championship, and I have no doubt the club will never apply for this title.

There are quite a large number of golfers, most of them good players of the younger school, who consider that championships should be played on inland courses. I hope that Alliss's performance at Gleneagles will do something to cause them to change their opinions. It is only at the seaside, on sand-dune country, that the real game of golf can be produced; imitations only can be produced inland, but good imitations can be produced on heather land and on light, sandy soil. The courses of the Ganton Golf Club and of the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club, better known as Mildenhall, possess to a greater extent than any other courses I know the features and playing conditions of a links. Mildenhall is loved not only by all ex-Cambridge golfers, young and old, but also by all the other golfers who have played there a sufficient number of times to realise how good it is.

I do not think that if the manufacturers of golf balls succeed (as they surely will) in producing balls that can be propelled greater distances than at present, even Bobby Jones, Henry Cotton, Percy Alliss, etc., will ever return a score of fifteen under fours on any of the championship links on the rota of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.

Gene Sarazen in 1932 and Henry Cotton last year each won with a score of five under an average of fours, but let us consider the weather and playing conditions when these scores were produced.

Never have I seen the links of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, where Cotton won last year, play easier than it did in the Open Championship of 1934. The weather was extremely favourable for low scoring, with the exception of one or two squalls, which the winner was fortunate enough to avoid. Water had been artificially applied to the putting greens and fairways so liberally that they played like an inland course and not like a seaside links. Although play took place in the middle of a dry summer, shots to the short sixteenth hole were coming back after pitching even when struck by players not quite at the top of the tree, and earth adhered to the ball. It was all the more credit to Cotton to win under these conditions, which must have been more favourable to the American professionals, as they were very similar to those in their own country.

Cotton's winning score of 283 was no less than 17 strokes better than Hagen's winning aggregate of 1922, and 9 strokes better than the same player's winning score in 1928. In 1922 and 1928 the Open was played at Royal St. George's.

The links of the Prince's Golf Club, Sandwich, where Sarazen won with his low score of 283 in 1932, was playing so fast that on some days a No. 3 iron was the most powerful club required for the second shots, and the long players were nearly driving the first green (382 yards), a hole which, in normal conditions, calls for a drive and a firm iron shot. The tramping of the feet of the galleries made the fairways so fast that the ball ran a very long way, and the long grass at the sides of the holes had been trodden down to such an extent that a wooden club could be used from places where, in normal conditions, a niblick would be required plus a considerable amount of brute force.

I do hope that the day is far distant when we shall see championships of importance played inland, and that we shall never see again such easy playing conditions as were experienced in the Open Championships of 1932 and 1934.

Lawn Tennis Letter

Then and Now

By "Passer-By"

Roderick Menzel and L. Hecht

The former is champion of Czechoslovakia, and the latter is ranked second. Both are familiar figures at Wimbledon. The former carried Perry into five sets last year and is ranked No. 7 in the world's best ten. A seeded player

Christian Boussus

The only French player seeded in the singles at Wimbledon. He can claim in the past such distinguished scalps as Cochet, Lee, Perry, and Austin. This left-hander was British hard court champion in 1931

Mlle. Jacqueline Goldschmidt

France's No. 3 and one of that country's most promising young players. Though only twenty-one, she has already won the French covered court championship and has been runner-up in the All-England Ladies' Plate

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SUFFICIENT for the day is the champion. The modern publicist does not concern himself with relative values; the man at the top is always No. 1. Lawn tennis, lacking the tradition of older games, yet enjoying an unrivalled cosmopolitan vogue, lends itself to hyperbole. The merits of the moderns are often exaggerated; those of past champions either forgotten or ignored. This is the way of a rushing world. Champions pass to "the dust and silence of the upper shelf." The names that count are those flashed from the scoring-board in the Centre Court.

Yet I sometimes wonder. . . . The Wimbledon habitué, the man who may have seen thirty-odd championship meetings, must be allowed to possess a memory. He does not necessarily subscribe to the view that the standard of play among the elect is higher to-day than it ever was; nor, because more people watch lawn tennis, that this swollen gallery reflects the bigger spectacle. I imagine, for example, that if H. L. Doherty or Norman Brookes could replay, thirty years later, their famous challenge round of 1905, the modern Centre Court gallery would salute them with just as much fervour as they might render to Perry and Allison at the present time. The same reflection applies to Wilding against McLoughlin, the challenge round of 1913; to Brookes against Froitzheim, of Germany—a match decided at the old Wimbledon almost on the eve of the Great War; and to any of the big contests in America in which Tilden, Johnston, and the French "musketeers" were engaged.

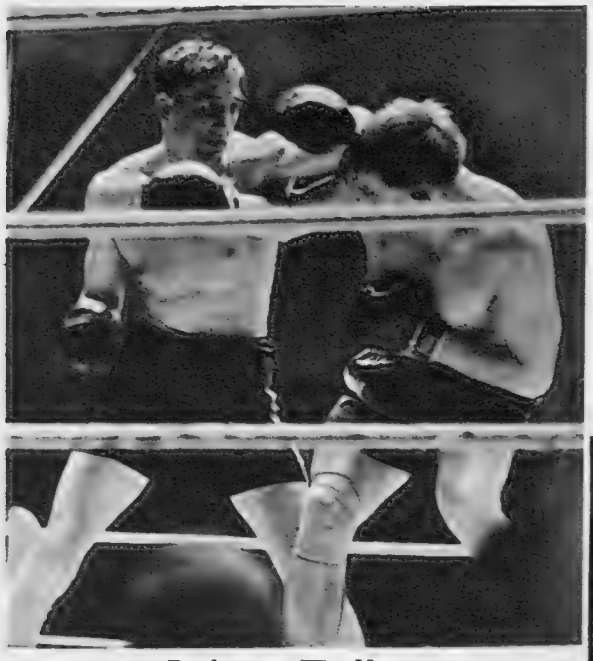
THE task of comparing one era with another is not very profitable, since BYSTANDER readers would prefer facts which they can confirm with their own eyes. It is none the less true that where the science of the game is concerned—and by science I mean accuracy of execution combined with a strategic plan carefully rehearsed and carried out—1935 does not rest on such a high plane as 1905. To-day there is more hit and miss. Players may move more swiftly over the court; they may take the ball more often on the rise; the cannon-ball service may win more outright aces; in the women's realm mobility and the modern dress may have brought a revolution. Yet the historian may remind the young and vaunting player of one or two incontrovertible facts. He can tell him that Willie Renshaw, the father of lawn tennis in England, was as quick about the court in his prime as any of the "present-days," and would have been quicker still if the requirements of the 'eighties had demanded the extra spurt. He can add that Dwight F. Davis, the American donor of the Davis Cup, who came to Wimbledon in 1901 with Holcombe Ward and won the All-Comers' doubles, had a service and smash just as powerful as any that was seen at Wimbledon last week; that if either of the Dohertys returned the second service into the net, as so many competitors do to-day, the astonished spectator would wonder if the receiver had got out of bed the wrong side; that Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, one of the old-fashioned champions (so-called) of the Victorian era, would vault a five-foot fence without a running start and race most of her male partners on the flat; that Miss Lottie Dod was champion of Wimbledon nearly fifty years ago at the age of fifteen, and would, on her competitive skill in that era, have been seeded among the first four to-day; that Mrs. Sterry and Mrs. Larcombe were far superior volleyers to Mrs. Moody; that Mlle. Lenglen used to win love sets in the last decade against players much superior to the majority of girls now competing at Wimbledon.

THE truth is that more lawn tennis is being played to-day than it ever was, more columns of the newspapers are devoted to the game on and off the court; the camera and the microphone have boosted it. But all this additional advertisement has not altered the relative ranking of the world's masters. It has not made Fred Perry a more complete player than W. T. Tilden, nor Miss Round more formidable than Mlle. Lenglen. It has not modified the conviction that successive epochs, with intervals intervening, throw up champions, and that any of these past protagonists might be a match, and more than a match, for those who reign to-day.

There can be no question that Tilden when at the height of his power—and Wimbledon did not see him at this elevation, for he came to England just before he flowered and returned here after some of the bloom had worn off—would have won the present Wimbledon with something to spare; I am not sure that Doherty or René Lacoste, also at their best, would not have done the same thing. I go further and say that the opposition with which these masters had to contend in their gala days was more stubborn and refined than that which faces F. J. Perry in 1935. I wonder how many of the moderns would have done what Tilden did at Newport, Rhode Island, in a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade—played three five-set matches in one day and served as dynamically in the last game as in the first?

When one sees it blandly stated that Perry has won more championships than anybody else, living or dead, one has only to remember that the records of Tilden and Wilding were even more striking. Let us all praise Perry, for he has restored a title to England that had gone wandering for twenty-five years. He has allowed our heads to go up again. But let us preserve our perspective and the memory of even greater masters of the game.

PASSER-BY.



Boxing at Wembley

After a tremendous tussle, J. Petersen was beaten by the German, W. Neusel, in ten rounds. The loser is seen on the left. Comment on the result is to be found on page iv

Right:

A Form of Flattery

Lord Aberdare attempts a two-handed return in the manner of McGrath, when playing for the Lords against the Commons

Below:

An Olympia Winner

Tranmore Bay, ridden by Captain Lewis, Irish Free State, winner of the King George V. Gold Cup at the Horse Show

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WELL, summer's here at last, praise be, and in the first full opulence of the sun—would it ever shine again? we once wondered—our wonderful sport season is ripening to maturity. Wimbledon, the Open golf championship at Muirfield, the international flavour which the Yankee has brought into British yachting this year, and the Test struggles with the South Africans. How splendid it all is—or has been.

And our county cricket, too, has blossomed in the season's high noon. Bowlers, maybe, are still on top, but here and there we see a batsman who refuses to be intimidated by the great bogey "(N)," which, as we all know, signifies that the new leg-before-wicket rule has claimed yet another victim. I wrote a few weeks ago of our promising young cricketers, and I hinted that we should find Farrimond, the Lancashire wicket-keeper, getting his Test chance. Well, it happened all right, and we find the Selectors giving Farrimond his big chance at Lord's.

BEFORE the season is out, I would like to see Arnold, the Hampshire opening batsman and Fulham footballer, also given his opportunity in the fires of international cricket. It would not, of course, be Arnold's baptism in Tests, for he figured against New Zealand a few years ago. He did not, to use a cricket expression, "come off"; but I refuse to believe that the Selectors can get a real view of a young player on his performance in one or two matches. Arnold is the type of player who is worth an extended trial. He is a forthright bat, while in the field he moves with that easy grace which put him into England's "Soccer" team. Really, it is blood-quickening to see Arnold streaking along the boundary to pick the ball up in one sweep and hurl it back, straight as you like, to the wicket-keeper's hands.

I am glad, however, that E. R. T. Holmes has not been overlooked by the Selectors in taking the place of Mitchell-Innes, who is unable to play. In recent matches Holmes has given us ample evidence of his fighting qualities. Not for this Surrey skipper the grim rigours of stone-walling; he attacks the bowling with a vigour which is in refreshing contrast to some of the patient play we are getting these days. Again, Holmes is a superb slip-fielder; and it is in slip-fielding that the England side is astonishingly incomplete. Who, I ask, apart from the incomparable Walter Hammond, is an outstanding slip-fielder for England?

YET one more plea must I make: it is that the big-hearted Derbyshire speed specialist, Copson, should be included in at least one Test. Copson has been suffering from the recurrence of a back injury; but if he is fighting fit, and he seems so just now, he *must* be regarded seriously by the Selectors. Here is a bowler who really attacks the bat. Time was when he was thought to be a "six-over" bowler; but this season he has shown us that he is bowling with "fire" and assurance for long spells.

By the way, you must have noticed that the Notts "shock" battery of Larwood and Voce—what a deadly combination!—are once more getting into full swing. Will these two players ever again be considered for England? Larwood, of course, would seem to have burned his boats when the Australians were here. Yet it would be very gracious if the mandarins at Lord's forgave or forgot all the hullabaloo of last summer. The "body-line" hatchet is buried—at least, so we hope—and it would shovel yet another few spadesful of earth on the grave if Larwood and his colleague, Voce, were brought back to favour. And, mark you, they are well worth their places.

STILL, the Selectors are probably looking much farther ahead than the South Africans. They are, I suppose, thinking of the next trip to Australia, two winters ahead. They are, maybe, holding the view that Larwood would not exactly be a rip-roaring public idol "Down Under." So it is with a "peace-at-any-price" motive that these Notts fast bowlers are probably being passed over. It is a pity. If Larwood and Voce retain their form, then I, for one, would urge their inclusion in an England side. Then it would be up to the Australians to make their gesture. I hold my own private view of the reception the players would get from the larrikins on Sydney's famous "Hill." . . . But that, as I say, is up to the Australians.

AND now, for a moment, let's talk about athletics. There is the possibility, for instance, that the great Jack Lovelock will be visiting South Africa in the autumn. Lovelock has expressed his willingness to accompany the Oxford and Cambridge team to South Africa, according to a report which reaches me from Capetown. Of course, the 'Varsities' trip is, as yet, only in the air. If it does materialise, then Lovelock is pretty certain to make the journey.

Now, I have a feeling that Lovelock would go to fresh triumphs in South

(Continued on page iv)

QUICK!

A NEW MORNING COAT FOR TO-MORROW!

You must have a morning coat for to-morrow, or a new tail coat for this evening? Jump into a cab and drive to Austin Reed's. The coats will be ready waiting for what is in effect a final fitting. Three or four will be brought into the fitting-room, each differing in some slight and subtle way from another. A fifth and a sixth may be fetched. Trying them on in turn you scarcely know which is which. But the difference between the coat that almost fits and the one that is really yours is a very small difference. Very small but most important.

We have morning coats and waistcoats for six guineas, and trousers for thirty-seven and sixpence and forty-seven and sixpence. We also have grey waistcoats, single-breasted for thirteen and sixpence, double-breasted for fifteen and sixpence and seventeen and sixpence.

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Cars with a Personality

The 10-h.p. Wolseley "Wasp"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The new Wolseley "Wasp" is a very substantial car, considering that it comes within the 10-h.p. class. The new type wheels should be noted; also the unusual size of the tyres

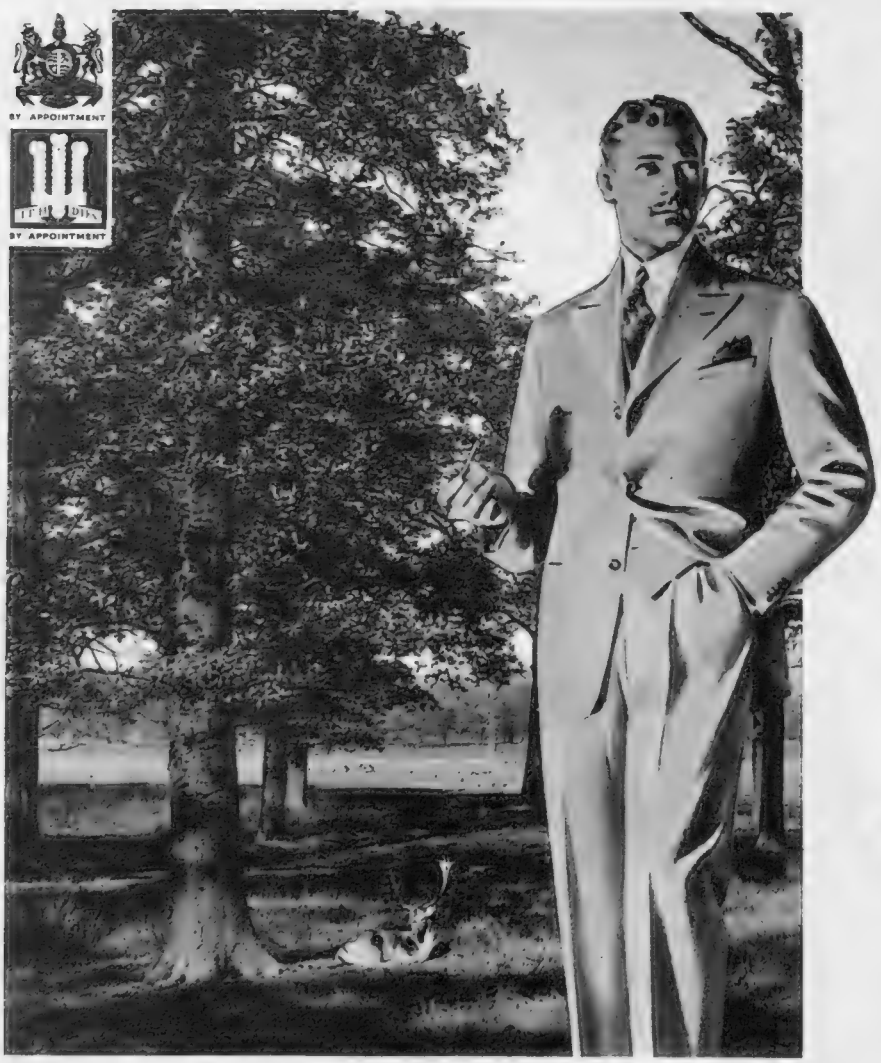
The instrument board is neat, and an arm projects from the steering-column, carrying the horn button, dipper switch, and signalling control switch. The cubby hole is of useful size

I OFTEN wonder whether the public fully appreciates the wonderful value in motor-cars which can now be obtained at prices around £150-£200. Relatively speaking, one can, of course, only buy a small car for this modest outlay; yet the "small" car may have coachwork which would formerly have been deemed most luxurious. It may also have so good a performance that the average owner will never have occasion to drive it really "flat out."

All this may truthfully be said of the new Wolseley "Wasp." Its horse-power rating is only 9.4; but it is a decidedly substantial motor-car in every essential. It will carry four people in complete comfort. There is plenty of leg-room and head-room both in front and at the back. The "de luxe" saloon even includes pneumatic upholstery, which many people, including the racing drivers, consider the ideal form of seating.

The road performance, for a car of the "family" type, is certainly impressive. The maximum speed is no less than 65 m.p.h. (I was not able to verify this figure, owing to the

(*Continued on page* ii)



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The amount of space at the back is a very pleasant feature. Indeed, in certain respects, i.e., the sensible amount of head-room, there are large and expensive cars less well laid out

When the rear panel is lowered, it forms a platform on which plenty of luggage can be carried. In the recess alongside the spare wheel, certain of the tools are neatly stowed

Cars with a Personality

(Continued from page 44)

demonstration car not being fully "run in"; but I have it on very good authority.) In third gear, 45 m.p.h. can be reached.

THE four-cylinder engine is of advanced design, having its valves and camshaft overhead. It thus achieves a remarkable degree of liveliness, and will accelerate very briskly, even from the lowest speeds. When turning fast, it remains commendably silent, and is, also, cradled on rubber mountings, perfectly smooth and vibrationless.

The gear-box provides four speeds, of which third and top are synchromesh ratios. The gear-changes most commonly made are therefore entirely free from difficulty. It is worth noting that second gear also is extremely simple to engage, although in this latter case there is no special mechanism at work; it is just "naturally" an easy ratio.

AN interesting chassis feature is the use of very large tyres, fitted to road wheels of unusual design. It is claimed that these wheels are very easily kept clean, while the over-size tyres naturally serve to eliminate road shocks. The car would, in any event, be well sprung; but this additional factor makes the suspension exceptionally comfortable.

The steering is not affected, and remains pleasantly light and efficient. Road holding also is distinctly good, so that the increase in tyre size seems to involve no drawbacks. The brakes are hydraulic, and combine great power with more than ordinary smoothness.

If one had any doubt (which I have not) as to this new Wolseley's prospects of popularity, the price ought to settle the question decisively. The standard saloon model costs only £165.

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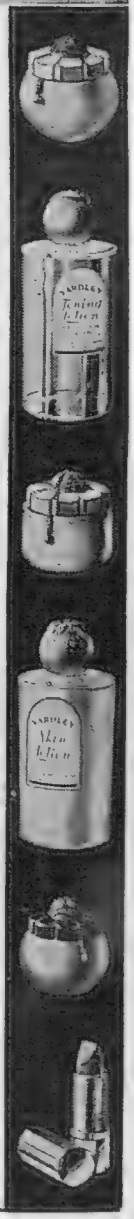
First is the snowy-white English Complexion Cream for cleansing and to soothe and revive tired skin at night. Then tissues soaked in the Toning Lotion to remove the Cream and last traces of dirt, and to freshen and brace the skin. Next the Skin Food to nourish the hungry skin and keep the contours of the face youthfully rounded and the skin clear and velvety.

For make-up, a light film of the Foundation Cream into which the Rouge Cream can be artistically worked to give a soft, natural bloom of colour, then the fine, clinging "Silver Box" Powder (an attractive shade is English Peach), an accentuation of the mouth with the new Indelible Lipstick, and finally, a trace of the Eye Shadow to flatter the eyes. The result—with a skin that is cared for by the Yardley Beauty Preparations—is one of living, radiant beauty.



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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 42)*

Africa. Athletics these days have become pretty much of an exact science: atmospheric conditions enter into the argument along with time-schedules. And the South African air, so the experts assure me, would be ideal for Lovelock. In fact, there would be every chance that he would shatter Glen Cunningham's world record time for the mile. I have a shrewd notion that the New Zealand runner is quietly confident that, given the right conditions, he can do the mile in even time—that is, in four minutes dead! It sounds incredible; but then, we once thought that four minutes seven seconds would never be beaten for the mile. Yet Cunningham clipped something off that time! And so I firmly believe that in our time we shall see four minutes as the mile record; and Lovelock looks the most likely man to do the trick.

By the way, I am still hearing some folk express disappointment that Lovelock did not beat Cunningham's time in the recent race at the Palmer Stadium, Princeton. Well, as my very good friend, Bevil Rudd, pointed out to me, Lovelock was not over in the States to beat the record, but to beat Cunningham and "Bill" Bonthron. This he achieved magnificently. He hung on to Cunningham's heels, letting the American do the pace-making until the last 150 yards. Then, heigh-ho! Lovelock was away, flashing in front of his rival to win. Had Cunningham set up a hotter pace, then we would surely have seen Lovelock still there on his heels, finally to come through in the home stretch. By that way, maybe, the world's record would have been shattered. However, Cunningham did not go so fast as we would have expected, and Lovelock, running an admirably judged race, just stayed behind him, quite content to gain an outstanding victory for the Empire.

Now, we have been seeing some intriguing races away from the athletic track this summer. I mean, of course, the contests between our big yachts and Yankee. So far, Endeavour and the rest have been on top, though the American boat has done splendidly, considering everything. You see, carrying off the prizes is not merely a question of a yacht's quality: knowledge of tides and winds enters into the argument. And here our boats have the advantage—or, rather, our crews have the advantage.

It is good, by the way, to see the manner in which the wonderful old Britannia is still managing to hold her own among the big craft. With her time allowance, the "Britty," still the most-loved craft among our old seamen, is a match for any of the J-class cutters. There is nothing of the racing "freak" about her. She is a good, honest boat, and, with any luck, she 's going to give the King one of his best yachting seasons.

Well, finally there is boxing. Jack Petersen came back at the vast Wembley arena the other night against the blonde German heavy-weight, Walter Neusel. It was an ordeal for Petersen. He had been out of the ring for many months. He was meeting an opponent who had previously beaten him in no uncertain style. He must have felt some anxiety over his old eye injury—would it again jeopardise his chances? These, then, were the handicaps under which the British champion laboured.

Well, Petersen fought pluckily enough, but Walter Neusel's greater weight—and perhaps his greater experience—told in the end. There was a time when the young Welshman looked a likely winner, but those of us at the ringside who had seen his opponent in action before knew that Neusel was still good for quite a lot of rounds. And so it proved: the German fought back magnificently, and when the towel fluttered in from Petersen's corner Neusel seemed as fresh as ever—and this, mark you, despite the fact that he had taken some heavy punishment.

What is the lesson of this fight? To me one thing is crystal-clear: it is that Petersen must, if he is to come back to his old run of successes, box as a cruiser-weight. I believe—as I have said over and over again in these columns—that the young Welshman does not carry the poundage for the heavy-weight class.

This was, I am convinced, proved in the recent Wembley contest. Neusel, something like a stone and a half heavier, simply wore down Petersen. Now, there may not be the same money in the cruiser class, but Petersen must face this stern fact—that he will still command reasonable fees as a successful cruiser-weight, but can hope for little as a losing heavy-weight.

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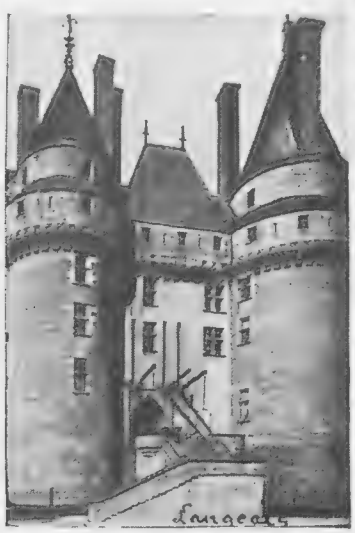

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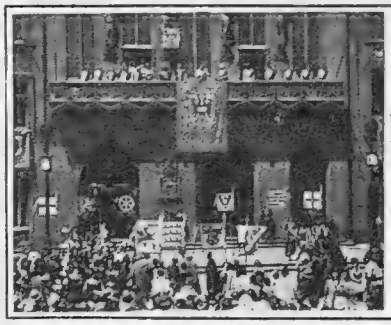

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Lenare

Rosemary Balfour

Is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Balfour, of Steepleton Manor, Dorchester, and is engaged to Vere Broke, only son of the late Lt.-Col. Harry Broke, and Mrs. Broke, of Gladwyn's, Hatfield Heath, Bishop's Stortford

Elwin Neame

Gwendoline Cumming

Is engaged to Robert Cowell-Smith, only son of the late Robert Smith, of Sheffield, and Mrs. C. S. Howard, of Banchory, Kincardineshire; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cumming, of 51, Kensington Mansions, W

de Villiers — Robinson

A South African wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, when Lieut. Lindsay de Villiers, R.N., son of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. de Villiers, of Cape Town, married Pamela Margaret Robinson, daughter of the late Max Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson, of Durban, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Robinson, first Premier and Colonial Secretary of Natal

Pearl Freeman

Leonie Harrison

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrison, of Hurst House, Hurst, Berks; she is to marry Peter Daniell, the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Roger Daniell, of the Rookery, Downe, Kent

Bertram Park

Baroness Florence von Ompteda

Is marrying Richard Grenville Smith, 4th Queen's Own Hussars, eldest son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. T. Close Smith, of Boycott Manor, Buckingham, on July 19th; she is the daughter of the late Freiherr Robert von Ompteda, and Mrs. Clifford Stringer

Carr — Gordon

Louis A. Carr, of Durham, North Carolina, U.S.A., and Kathleen Gordon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon, of Hilden House, Belfast, Ulster, were married at Lambeg Parish Church, near Belfast

Bassano

Billy Royds

Is engaged to Lieut. F. W. R. Larken, R.N., eldest son of Admiral Sir Frank and Lady Larken, of Holmbush Road, Putney; she is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. P. M. R. Royds, of High Coombe, Kingston Hill, Surrey

Yvonne Gregory

Billy Dods

Is the daughter of the late Rev. George Dods, of Barr, Ayrshire, and Mrs. Dods, of Denmill Lodge, Hythe, Kent, and is engaged to the Hon. Rowland Winn, eldest son of Lord Headley

Hay Wrightson

Avis Cayzer

Is engaged to Alister Leeson, son of the late Capt. I. A. Leeson, and Mrs. Ledingham, of Ashtead Grange, Leatherhead; she is the daughter of the late Arthur Cayzer, and Mrs. Cayzer, of Grosvenor House, W.1, and granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Cayzer

Moyra Wynne-Edwa

Is the elder daughter of Co and Mrs. J. C. Wynne-Edw of Plas Nantglyn, Denbigh announced her engagement month to J. O. Burton, only Mr. and Mrs. J. P. B of Gwaynynog, Den

Bath — Holroyde

Lieut. John L. Bath, R.A.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bath, of Melbourne, and Joane Holroyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Holroyde, of Sydney, and 67, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., after their wedding at St. Clement Danes, Strand

Salaman — Samuel

Dr. Arthur G. Salaman, son of Dr. Redcliffe N. Salaman, F.R.S., of Homestall, Barley, Herts, and Nancy Samuel, only daughter of Sir Herbert Samuel, M.P., and Lady Samuel, of 36, Porchester Terrace, W.2, were married at the New West End Synagogue

Moore — Williamson

Darrell John R. Moore and Jessie Beatrice Williamson, were married at Barclay Church, Edinburgh. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moore, of Bedford, and hers are Sir James and Lady Williamson, of Gorakhpur, Edinburgh

Wilson-Fox — Winkelstern

George Hubert Wilson-Fox, son of the late Henry Wilson-Fox, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Wilson-Fox, of 9, Chester Street, S.W.1, and Fräulein Marianne Winkelstern, daughter of Herr and Frau Adolf Winkelstern, of Reichsstrasse 21, Berlin, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Fox — Drummond-Murray

Major Leonard D'Arcy Fox, late Royal Welch Fusiliers, and Sybil Lilias Drummond-Murray, daughter of the late Captain W. E. Murray and Mrs. Drummond-Murray, of 33, Wellington Square, S.W.3, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Clay — Chapman

Charles J. J. Clay, of Well House, Banstead, Surrey, and Patricia Agnes Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Banstead Place, leaving All Saints' Church, Banstead, after their wedding

Herbert — Robertson

Kenneth F. Herbert, son of the Rev. Francis and Mrs. Herbert, of Manea, Cambs., and Kathleen E. Robertson, the Scottish tennis player, and a former Midlands champion, were married at Broughty Ferry, Angus

Thompson — Stranack

Harold Leslie Thompson, son of S. H. Thompson, of Fairfield Court, Bromsgrove, Birmingham, and Maree Stranack, daughter of Robert S. Stranack, of Oulton Broad, Suffolk, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

AS YOU LIKE IT.—The second play of the open-air season: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in an interesting two-charactered play as a husband and wife, and one of them has committed a murder: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GRIEF GOES OVER.—A fine performance by Sybil Thorndike; the people are real and convincing; the story is a little under weight: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NOAH.—John Gielgud in the English version of André Ovey's play, with Marjorie Fielding, Ena Burrill, Jessica Tandy, Harold Young, Colin Keith-Johnston: New, 8.30.

LE NOUVEAU TESTAMENT.—Sacha Guitry's short season opens with his own play, in which he is a doctor; Betty Daussmond is his wife, and Jacqueline Delubac (Mme. Guitry) his daughter: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., 2.30. Next week: *Mon Double et Mon Moitié.*

ROULETTE.—It 's light and amusing; Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as the cocotte in whom she confides: Cambridge, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good review: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—A fascinating circus spectacle of décor and production, with amusing moments contributed by Jack Buchanan, Ivy St. Helier, and Fred Emney: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Puritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty is attractive and amusing; it 's a lively, amusing show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE LAUGHS——!—A new musical comedy, with a film-studio story and Laddie Cliff, Allan Kearns, Barbara Newberry, and Renee Houston as stars: Hippodrome, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

MY KINGDOM FOR A COW.—Kurt Weill's musical play is a romantic satire; George Gee, Bobbie Comber, Jacqueline Francell and La Jana are in it: Savoy, 8.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 60.—Meggie Eaton, Norah Chapman, Ken Douglas, Hugh Rene, Tony Sympson, Cedric Miller, Kenneth Blain, etc., in topical sketches, dance and song numbers: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—Maurice Chevalier's inimitable personality, Hassard Short's brilliant décor and lighting, the dancing and the music are all exceptional: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Chevalier's last week.

TANTIVY TOWERS.—A revival of the A. P. Herbert operetta, with Maggie Teyte and Steuart Wilson: Lyric, Hammersmith, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ACCIDENTALLY YOURS.—George Robey and Alice Delysia in a farce from the French: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

ABYSSINIA.—A topical picture, giving a non-political view of the country, its tribes and its modernised Army: Rialto

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.—A "monster" thriller, with Boris Karloff as the monster, Elsa Lanchester as his wife, Colin Clive and Ernest Thesiger as their creators: Tivoli.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS.—A French film of the Dumas story, with Yvonne Printemps as Marguerite Gautier, Pierre Fresnay as Armand Duval: Academy.

THE DIVINE SPARK.—A private life of Bellini, with Phillips Holmes as the composer, Martha Eggerth as the girl he loved; the settings are really Italian and very lovely: Curzon. *Barcarolle* starts July 9th.

FIGHTING STOCK.—A Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn-Robertson Hare farce. And LEGONG, the coloured film of the island of Bali: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE GLASS KEY.—George Raft in a mixture of politics and rough stuff, with a murder in it; Rosalind Keith as his girl: Plaza.

G-MEN.—James Cagney, in the new kind of gangster film, makes war on the wicked gunmen: Regal.

NO MORE LADIES.—Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford co-starred: Empire.

PARIS LOVE SONG.—An attractive new musical, with Mary Ellis as a cabaret singer, Tullio Carminati as a count, Ida Lupino as a Paris jeune fille: Carlton.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's famous story directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock; with Robert Donat and Madeliene Carroll as stars: New Gallery.

UNDER PRESSURE.—Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Charles Bickford all build a tunnel under New York; THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD—Claud Rains tries his hand at Dickens: Capitol.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.—Anna Sten as a farmer's daughter who falls for Gary Cooper as a New York author, and their story ends in tragedy: London Pavilion.

(*Continued on page* E)

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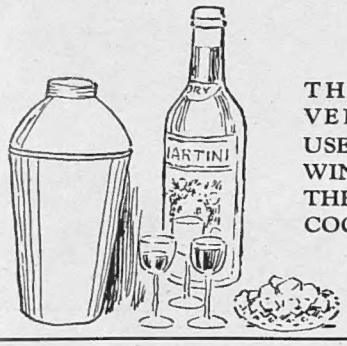

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

JAGGER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Jagger's sculpture of war and peace subjects: 5a, Pall Mall East, 10—10. Sundays, 10—6. Flood-lit, 8—10 p.m.

RUSSIAN ART.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square.

OPERA AND BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

SYLPHIDES, PRÉSAGES, BEAU DANUBE, to-day, 2.30.

AURORA'S WEDDING, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, SCHEHERAZADE: to-night, 8.45.

SYLPHIDES, BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, CONTES RUSSES: July 4th, 8.45.

SCUOLA DI BALLO, PETROUCHKA, BEAU DANUBE: July 5th, 8.45.

BAL, UNION PACIFIC, AURORA'S WEDDING: July 6th, 2.30.

CONCURRENCE, SCHEHERAZADE, BEAU DANUBE: July 6th, 8.45.

ALANOVA.—Three matinées: His Majesty's, July 4th, 9th, 11th.

DANCING AND DINING

In the Ballrooms

POLO BALL.—In aid of the Chelsea Boys' Club: Hurlingham, July 4th.

BALL.—In aid of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation: Albert Hall, July 9th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well: cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Gertrude Lawrence makes her first cabaret appearance; Jack Harris's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dwight Fiske, the New York cabaret wit, is a superb entertainer; Howard Jacobs' band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies have the Three Sailors, Diana Ward and some *Stop Press* stars as specialities; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—The newest restaurant has good food and a good band; day or evening clothes are accepted.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

PRUNIER'S.—Every kind of fish in this Paris-in-London restaurant; good wines by the glass; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening, compèred by "Charlie," who sings charmingly; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there 's no cabaret; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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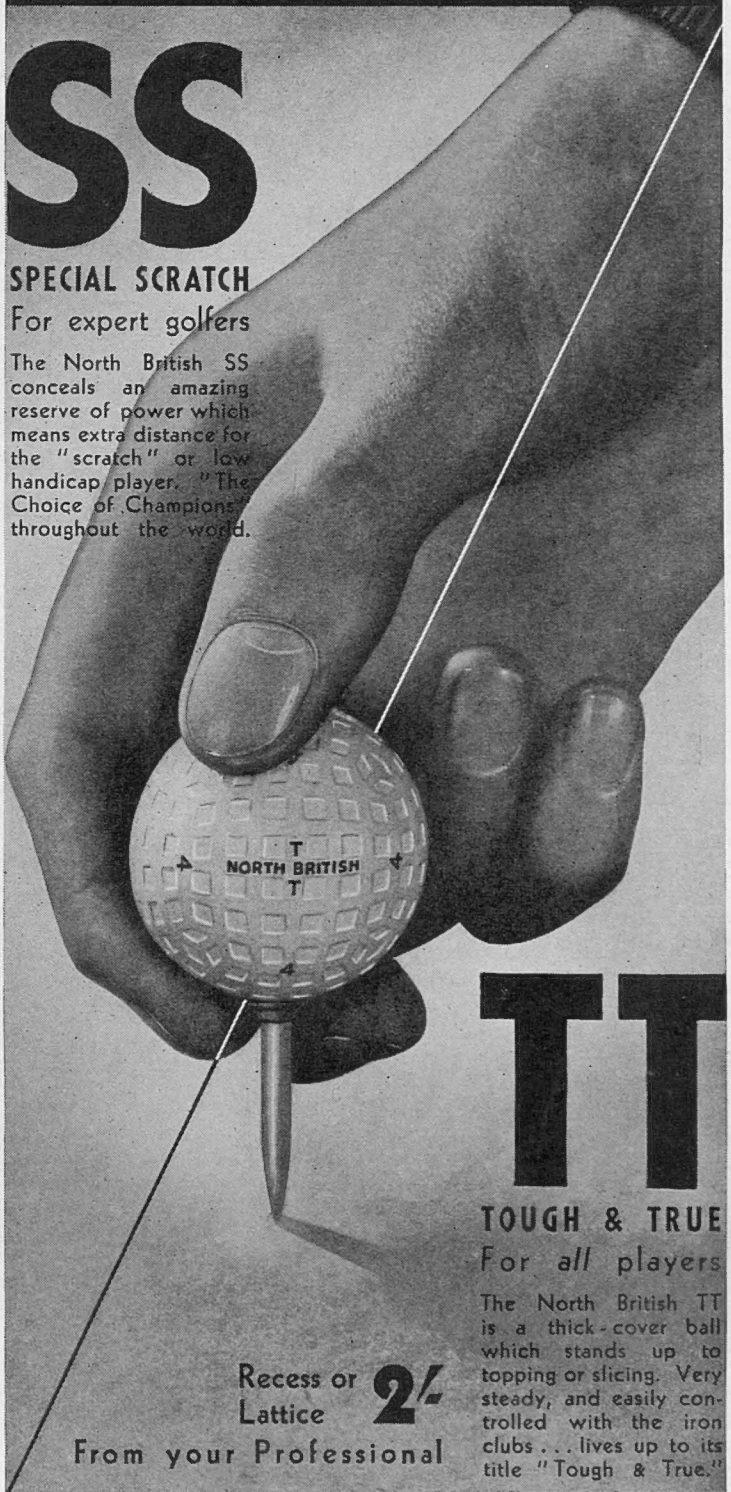

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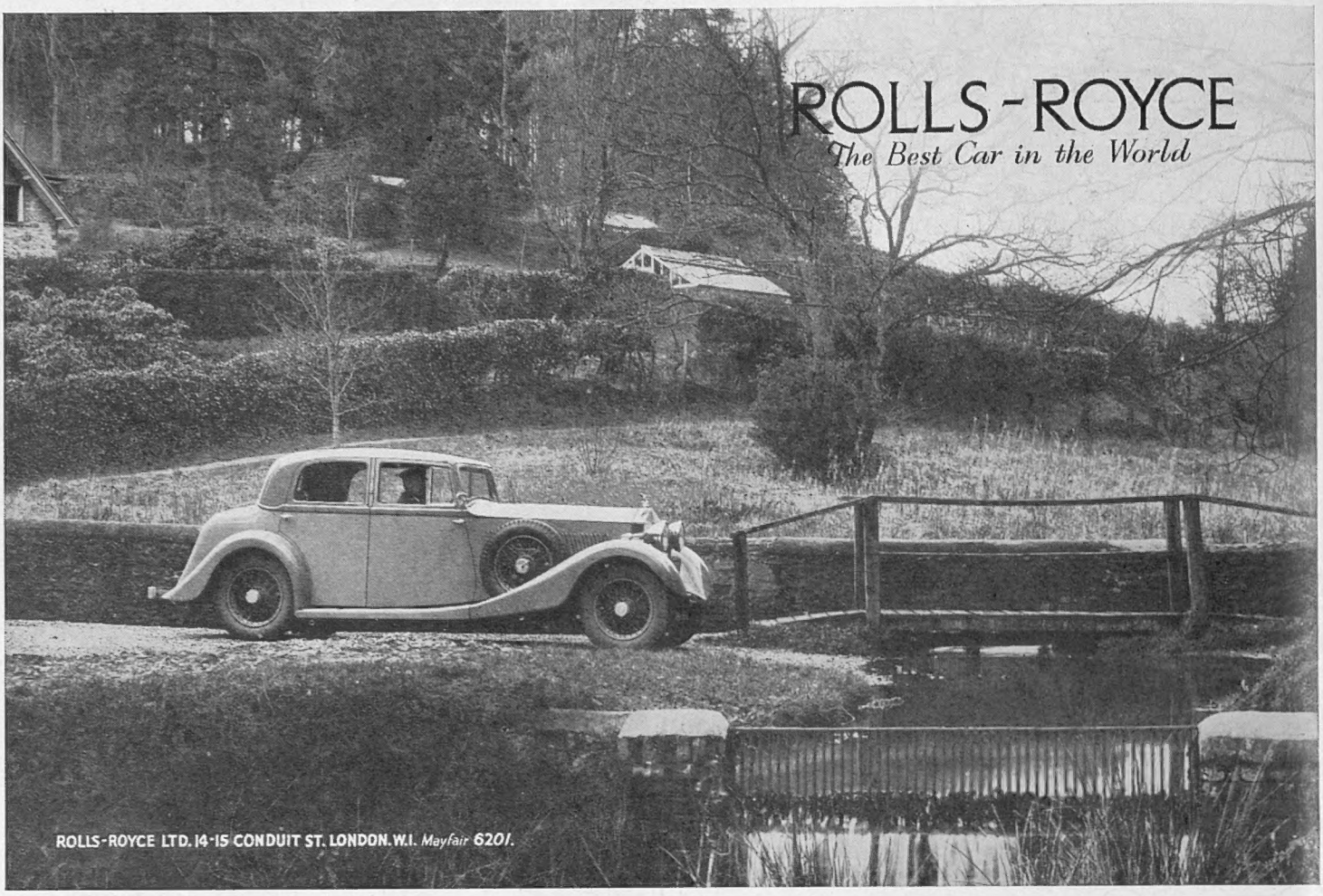

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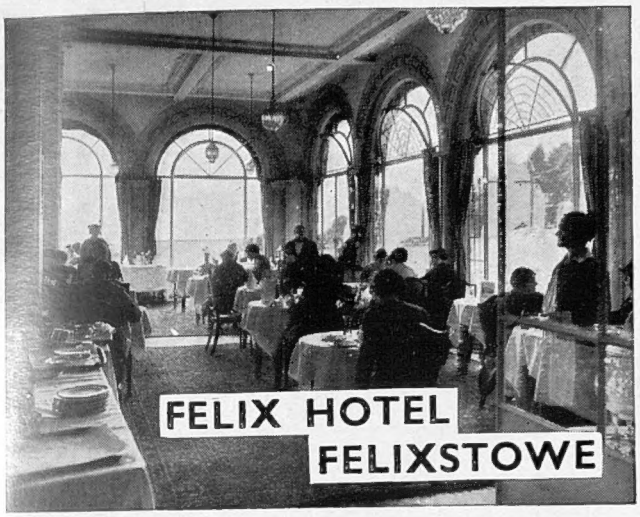

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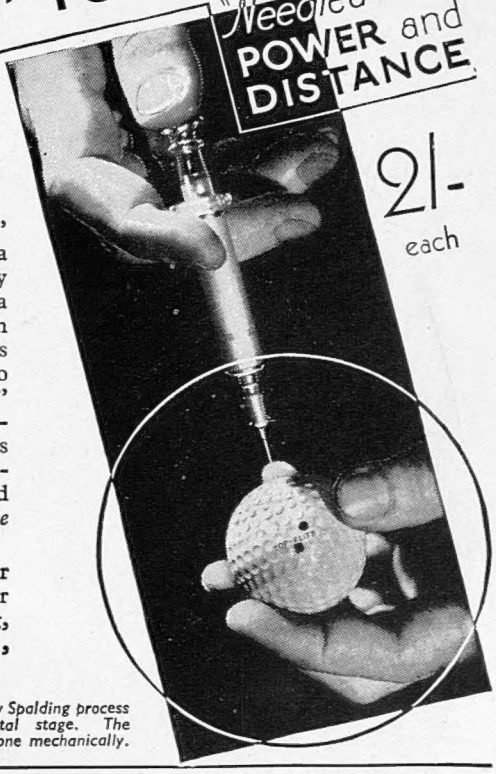

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